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Current Comments

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Stocktaking

THE National Government has been in office three years and has effected a substantial improvement in the position of the country. It is, however, the next five years which will be decisive in our history. In 1931 the Ship of State ran aground. It has taken three years to refloat her and manœuvre her into open waters. To-day and to-morrow we have to decide under whose orders and on what course the ship shall be directed. The decision is at once more difficult and more important than the decisions of August–September, 1931. It is more difficult because the re-establishment of British credit and the arrest of the flowing tide of unemployment were ends sought by all parties. Difference, as in war time, existed about methods, but, as in war time, there was an overwhelming concensus of opinion as to the major objections. The National Government arose from and was supported by the national will. So much is obvious, but when we say that the problems now before us are not only more difficult but more important than those of 1931 we at once arouse opposition in those very quarters in which the National Government found and still finds its warmest supporters. We have trusted to are told, that British commonsense can be learnt, we assert itself uncompromisingly in a crisis. Secure in that knowledge we can safely return to the old ways and the old policies. All parties have learnt their lesson, and if any party forgets it again, the British public will give them a timely reminder.

England's Strength

THE indignation aroused by recent acts of tyranny and terrorism on the Continent strengthens many of

us in this view. We see ourselves immeasurably better off than Central European or the Russian peoples. We see the United States pursuing an uneasy and indeterminate course through a welter of political and economic experiment of which no one can see the end. We, on the other hand, continue to settle our difficulties peacefully. We preserve a high standard of life, a comparatively high standard of liberty and the traditions of good fellowship. What clearer proof could we ask of the wisdom of the political methods and the strength of our economic structure? It is right that these questions should be asked, and it is also right that we should remember the narrow limits within which the answer which we should all like to give can be accepted as true. Let us therefore start, but not conclude, our stocktaking by reaching two conclusions:

(1) The British public have no desire to substitute for the easy going rule of Parliament the dictatorship of any class or party, whether of the right or the left.

(2) The British public have no wish to jeopardise the standard of living by embarking on any large scale economic experiment.

The Dangers of Complacency

AT this point most of our contemporaries who supported the National Government conclude their labours. No constitutional reform and no economic experiments, they exclaim ecstatically, and consider that they have made out a case for supporting the present Government indefinitely. We must presume that they imagine that, in convincing themselves, they have also convinced a majority of the electorate. In reality they have, of course, merely begged both the questions which arise from our preliminary conclusions. I suggest that the questions should be put as follows:

(1) Can the disastrous alternative of an extremist dictatorship be avoided without improving governmental efficiency?

(2) Can the equally disastrous economic experiment of socialism be avoided without some modification of our present economic and social policies?

It is not only the right but the duty of all who love political and economic liberty to consider these questions and to find the answers to them.

The Unemployment Situation

THE chief reason which suggests more the urgency of the second question is supplied by the unemployment returns. When the ENGLISH REVIEW suggested last year that, although we were recovering, we were returning to a lower level of prosperity than any we had yet enjoyed, we were accused of disloyalty to the Government. When Lord Lloyd suggested in November last that the figure of 2,000,000 unemployed was the best likely to be reached under our present policies he was bitterly attacked in all the Government press and by all the Government spokesmen. On the eve of the adjournment in July of this year, Mr. Walter Runciman hinted broadly that in his view the figure of 2,000,000 was an optimistic estimate of the possible extent of recovery under present conditions, and the Government press has already begun to hint that further reductions in taxation may prove to be impossible. Actually the figure of unemployment is over 2,100,000. The figures of destitution are much higher than they were a year ago, and unemployment is, if anything, on the increase. But for the different subsidies to agriculture and shipping, subsidies which are of necessity temporary the unemployment situation would be even worse.

Have the Government shot their Bolt?

THE most ominous feature of the whole business is the re-appearance of the Labour Party's 1930 argument that world recovery is the only cure for the situation. This talk, if it means anything, means the Government have shot their bolt. This is much nearer to the truth

than we should like to think. They are clearly neither prepared to restore free trade nor to set up an adequate system of protection. They are neither prepared to free industry nor to organize it. They are neither prepared to re-vitalize industry by pursuing economy, nor to adopt the alternative experiment of public spending. Least of all are they prepared to make any contribution to world recovery by pursuing a foreign policy which will re-establish our position as an effective influence for peace in Europe and Asia.

The Nation and its Leaders

READERS of the ENGLISH REVIEW do not need to be reminded that in our view the return to free trade, the "organization" of industry by the State and the creation of a temporary boom by a vast system of public expenditure out of loans would be alike disastrous. Is it not, however, obvious from the facts that these policies will find favour with the electors in 1936 if the only alternative offered to them is a compromise which has already broken down, between free trade and protection, private enterprise and socialism, public economy and public spending? Facts govern events. If our present policies are going to set our feet firmly on the road to a realized recovery in which all classes share and which holds out real hope to the poorer members of the community of a permanent escape from poverty, then we should follow these policies. But is there any responsible public man, in the Government or outside it, who really believes this? And if not, why expect the electorate to believe it? Half the Government look to a revival of international trade and international lending for recovery. Most of their supporters in the House of Commons look to agricultural protection as the chief hope. Mr. Elliott, on the other hand, has announced himself a convert to the leisure state based on a permanent system of state control of industry. Open divisions of opinion on these fundamental questions of policy are not so much under-

stood as "felt" in the constituencies. The result is a rapid return to the balance of opinion as it stood in 1929.

The Growth of Inefficiency

THE position in regard to our governmental machinery is much the same. No one wants dictators but the price of trial and error may be too high. The breakdown of one agricultural scheme after another, the recourse to the always unpopular policy of subsidies for industry, the growing and justified doubts about the electrical "grid," the rising adverse trade balance, following on our trade agreements—all these things are indications that if the Government must in some measure enter the industrial field—and few people deny it—then our machinery of government must be reformed, not in the direction of dictatorship but to reassert the realities of self-government. There must be a proper channel through which technical and financial advice can reach the Government, and those who give that advice must be responsible and answerable for it. The formulation of policy by irresponsible and often anonymous "experts" and its execution by *ad hoc* "Boards" of amateur bureaucrats divorced from public control are things as indefensible in theory as they are ineffective in practice. Mr. Winston Churchill, perhaps as bitter an opponent of continental fascism as anyone in public life and imbued with a respect for Parliament which most of the younger generation find it hard to share, realized the existence of this problem years ago, and advocated a third house of Parliament for the discussion of industrial questions. There are in our view many objections to this proposal, but it is an attempt to meet a need which must be met, and met quickly, if Parliamentary government is not to be permanently discredited by its radical inefficiency in matters of finance and industry.

The March to Socialism

IT is, indeed, the considered opinion of all economists of all schools that the present methods of government

interference and control of industry cannot stop short of complete socialization of industry. It is not merely, as Professor Robbins points out in his valuable work on "The Great Depression,"* that the effect of restrictions and control schemes is to preserve existing capital values artificially and so to defer a revival of ordinary investments in new industries, but that "the tendency of restrictionism is to spread . . . It is the overwhelming verdict of theory and war-time experience that, once governments start to control important branches of industry, if they are not willing at some point definitely to reverse their whole line of policy, there is no stop to this process short of complete socialism."† Again, Professor Robbins makes a significant point when he asks, "Who would not plan?" "Yet," he continues, "if planning is not a polite name for giving sectional advantages to particular industries, what does it denote but socialism—central control of the means of production?" The answer to this very pertinent question is not easy!

The Nemesis of Democratic Politics

DEMOCRACIES do not pay nearly enough attention to the realities of politics. Government is a necessary evil and human experience shows that on balance a free government is better than a strong government on most occasions. But the moment the preservation of any particular system of government becomes an end in itself, government loses touch with realities, for ordinary people are far less concerned with the system under which they are governed than with the impact of government on their daily lives. The four great personal forces in the world to-day, Stalin, Mussolini, Hitler and Roosevelt, were all swept into power, not by bayonets ruthlessly overriding the will of the people, but by a spontaneous and quite unexpected revolt against inefficiency. For years English

* Macmillan, 8s. 6d. net.

† The Great Depression, pp. 144 and 145. The whole of this chapter on Planning repays close study.

politicians and journalists prophesied the impending uprising of popular sentiment against Stalin and Mussolini, precisely as they are to-day prophesying the collapse of Hitler and a violent reaction against "The New Deal." Other things being equal, people everywhere prefer a free and easy to a dictatorial régime, but the post-war experience has convinced most people outside England that western Parliamentarianism, admirably efficient as it has shown itself under a restricted franchise in normal times, is unlikely under universal franchise to give them the kind of government they need to-day. These waves of popular feeling are infectious, as Europe learnt in 1789 and in 1848.

Government by Talk and its Penalty

THE growth of a habit of covering up facts by phrases is the final nemesis of democracy, because democracy involves government by talk, and if the talk ceases to convince, the instrument of government is broken. It is the sudden turn from uncertainty as to the sincerity of the politicians to a general, nation-wide, conviction of their insincerity which brings about democratic revolutions. The conviction may be quite erroneous. It often is. That, however, is only to say that a democratic coup d'état is very like any other coup d'état. It depends for its success on a wave of sentiment taken at the flood. We in England pay far too little attention to this question of the diminution of the public belief in the sincerity of our politicians. We ascribed all our troubles for years to war debts and reparations. They are gone and our troubles remained. Then we blamed labour unrest. We have had four years without labour disputes and our troubles remain. Then we had to preserve the gold standard or perish. We went off the gold standard and prospered. Then we had to reduce expenditure drastically and permanently or perish. Within three years we are increasing expenditure and announcing a boom. There is a sense in which all the arguments used in these

controversies were true, but the cumulative effect of their use and abandonment is damaging. It means one thing for certain. No government without a positive and coherent policy of action will stand a chance at the next election. Any appeal to fear will prove a boomerang.

Whose Friends?

WE view with mixed feelings the activities of a body of eminent people, styling themselves "The Friends of Europe," who are engaged in anti-German propaganda of the kind with which we grew familiar between 1914 and 1918. It is true that a lot of pestilent nonsense is being talked in Germany to-day, but it is no more reasonable to identify the German peoples with such books as Herr Rosenberg's "Myth of the Twentieth Century" than it would be to denounce the English as pagans because Mr. H. G. Wells in his "Outline of History"—a far more popular and widely read book—said that people could no longer live by Christianity or die for it. We confess to reading with a good deal of disgust, articles welcoming the impending entry of Russia into the League of Nations side by side with articles denouncing the German tyranny. The German Government may or may not be breaking the terms of its Concordat with the Vatican, but it is certain that the Christian churches retain their freedom and their rights and their men and women are everywhere free to practise and to preach their religion. In Russia, the Soviet Government has proceeded by means of massacre, persecution, the suppression of opinion and the confiscation of all religious property, to drive religion out of the State. This was not an hysterical act of revolutionary bitterness committed in haste and repented at leisure, but an act of policy carried through with unrelenting thoroughness from 1919 to the present day. With this unspeakable vileness has come the complete suppression of every form of civil liberty, the maintenance of a penal system based on forced labour,

"not slavery," as a former Foreign Secretary once described it in my presence, "but labour with an element of compulsion," a vile system of espionage and the absolute denial of every principle of justice as between the State and the individual. We trust that the Friends of Europe will not be backward in using their very great influence and the large funds at their disposal in bringing home to Englishmen the indecency of accepting the Government of such a country as a valuable ally in the task of saving European civilization from collapse. In performing such a task they would certainly do something to merit the rather grandiloquent title under which they veil their anonymity.

Another book deserving of attention is Mr. Ralph Townsend's "Ways that are Dark," a brilliant and outspoken picture of China by one who till recently was American Vice-Consul at Shanghai and Foochow. It affords an apposite commentary on the public utterances of Chinese Statesmen at Geneva and of their friends in Western Europe and the United States.

Mr. Jonas Rowbottom

STUDENTS of Mr. Elliott's agricultural policy should consult the file, now once again made available for public reading, in Mr. Jonas Rowbottom's "Cowcake."* This important state paper was first rescued from the archives of the Ministry of State Control in 1919, but the passage of fourteen years has not withered it nor custom staled its infinite pathos.

The German Plebiscite

THE English Press has not been at its best over the German plebiscite. Readers of *The Times* and other papers must have had an amusing ten minutes imagining what the same writers would have said of an English Election in which Mr. Stanley Baldwin and his

* Jarrold, 1s. net.

friends received 89 per cent. of the votes, on a 95 per cent. poll. To me, at any rate, it seems improbable that the Conservative press would have been unanimous in stressing the size of the anti-Baldwin vote. I doubt even if the *Daily Herald* would have found much encouragement in such a result. The size of the anti-Hitler vote is, of course, very significant indeed, but its significance is precisely the opposite of what is pretended. It shows that the election was free, and that Herr Hitler's position is for the present quite unchallengeable. That is the opposite of what many of us thought, or would have hoped. But it is merely silly to ignore the facts.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

The Chinese Mind

By J. O. P. Bland

IN defending his Government's position, in the matter of its "Hands off China" declaration, the Japanese Ambassador at Washington declared that "Western nations know nothing about Chinese mentality." The statement is characteristically sweeping; nevertheless, if Geneva and Washington accurately represent the sum of Western knowledge of China, there is a good deal to be said for it. Mr. G. F. Hudson, in his "Europe and China," expresses much the same opinion when he asserts that the ordinary educated European public was better informed about China in the eighteenth century than in the nineteenth. Be this as it may, there is no denying that the attitude and proceedings of the League of Nations in regard to Far Eastern affairs during the past five years, have reflected an amazing ignorance of Chinese mentality, and a curious predilection for misleading information—a state of mind, in fact, quite sufficient to justify the Japanese indictment. It is, moreover, unquestionably true that, for the last thirty or forty years, public opinion in Western countries, as a whole, on most Far Eastern subjects has not been based upon direct knowledge or experience of China, but chiefly upon impressions derived from contacts with the semi-westernized Chinese—officials, diplomats, propagandists and students—a class which, by its education and vocations, is bound to profess its belief in Western institutions and a determination to remodel the sorry scheme of things Chinese in accordance with Western ideas, as formulated at Geneva. Hence that atmosphere of unreality, of highly intellectual artificiality, which has distinguished all the proceedings of the League; hence the element of elaborate and pontifical make-believe, which has characterized and stultified the councils of the nations in regard to China since the Washington Conference. Hence the chief cause and origin of the vision, constantly proclaimed by professors and Liberal-thinking

politicians, by " the F. O. School of Thought " and the Institute of Pacific Relations—the delusive vision of a New China, steadily progressing towards unity and stability of government by the light of European ideas and institutions. And hence, in the natural sequence of events, the dramatically sudden emergence of Tokyo's " official spokesman," to announce that, because " foreign nations have not the remotest idea as to how to deal with the Chinese," Japan must call a halt to policies which merely prolong a " chaotic situation " and are therefore " a direct menace to Japan."

Notwithstanding its humiliating experiences in the matter of Manchuria, the unrepentant League clings firmly to its idea of " modernizing China " with the help and advice of Dr. Ludwig Rajchmann, and other technical " experts." So steadfast is its faith, that there is even talk of " a project for international financial assistance to China," although Japan has drawn attention to the fact that the proceeds of Mr. Soong's latest borrowings in U.S.A. were squandered by the Nanking Government on munitions of civil war. Dr. Rajchmann, whom the Japanese denounced as an *agent provocateur* at the time of the Manchurian trouble, has now compiled his official Report to the League; it gives the usual fantastically optimistic picture of the reorganized and prosperous Republic, which is to emerge from technical contacts between Young China's public-spirited " specialists " and the " unique material " available in the Secretariat of the League and the International Labour Office. Only three months have passed since *The Times* correspondent in China—an observer of ripe experience—stated, in a detailed review of the situation, that the pathetic condition of the internal economy of the country is chiefly due " to the inefficacy of the administration and the absence of practical control of trade, industry and transportation." While recognizing " the high aspirations which animate officials at headquarters " and the " evidence of whole-hearted efforts at betterment

on modern lines," and observing that the Nanking Government has had a great deal of "money to play with," he denied that any progress had been made in the direction indicated by Dr. Rajchmann and his colleagues. As to the prospects of success for the "Soong dynasty's" ambitious national schemes, "how can any of them prosper," he asked, "when so much of the country is against the government, when the law of the land does not prevail, when most of the provinces are dominated by war-lords, for which reasons the economic conditions nearly everywhere have fallen to zero?" This summary of the actual situation, published by *The Times* in February, undoubtedly represents the truth of the matter; but if one may judge by the reception accorded to Dr. Rajchmann's latest report, it is a truth which the idealists of Geneva and Chatham House are determined to ignore as completely as they did two years ago.

When the Japanese Ambassador at Washington asserts that the Western nations have no understanding of the Chinese mentality, his denunciation is no doubt based chiefly on his country's experience of the collective ignorance of things Chinese, displayed since 1929 by the leading spirits of the League. It gives a somewhat blunt expression to the fact that, in the westernized type of Chinese with which Geneva makes its contacts, the dominant characteristics of Chinese mentality are usually obscured, by reason of its ready adaptability to environment; that, under a brilliant veneer of westernism, the true grain of the solid Chinese timber is usually hidden from the susceptible European. As an Oriental and a neighbour, the Japanese speaks with knowledge of the Chinese mentality, of its enduring vitality, its deep-rooted atavism, and implicit belief in the moral superiority of the Celestial type of civilization. Mr. Saito and his countrymen are aware (as Geneva is not) that, no matter how brilliant the Western veneer, its effect upon the Chinese mind is invariably transient; sooner or later,

the graduate of Harvard or Cambridge reverts, mentally and socially, to the ancestral type.

What, then, is the peculiar quality of the Chinese mind, of its outlook on life, which chiefly differentiates it from that of other races? Such differences are not easily defined, but the dominant characteristic of the Chinese type of mind lies, I think, in its nearness to nature, in its instinctive reverence for the absolute and the universal. The elemental difference between East and West, which (*pace* Geneva) neither time nor tide can bridge, may be ascribed to the hold which the patriarchal family system of morals and politics has acquired over the race mind of the East, and to the peculiar virtues and defects produced in the masses by that system. Or, to put it in another way, it may be ascribed to the fact that, throughout its time-tested existence, China's civilization has remained essentially agricultural, faithful ever to the good earth, a rustic or "vegetable civilization." The men who rise to the top, be they fierce war-lords or mild intellectuals, are all alike, in that their mental origins are deeply rooted in the soil; that their minds, top-dress them as you will, remain for ever responsive to the patriarchal, or husbandman, conception of life. Not the least attractive quality of the Chinese mind lies in the philosophic serenity which it derives from this closeness to Nature, a quality which we of the West have been taught to admire (but not to imitate) in the Biblical worthies of the Old Testament. To our sophisticated modernity the social system and political institutions produced by the Chinese philosophy, seem naïvely archaic; nevertheless, they have outlived all others, and they are, I believe, essentially superior to our own, because they are more consistently based upon the realities of human nature. Every Chinese, in his heart, is firmly convinced of that superiority and therefore disdainful of the material civilization of the West. There would be a better prospect of a solution of the China problem if Geneva and Washington could

be led to appreciate this fact, and, in particular, to realize that Young China's professed acceptance of Western ideas has no more real significance than, shall we say, Sun Yat-sen's "conversion" to Christianity, or Chiang Kai-shek's short-lived belief in Bolshevism. The League of Nations, unfortunately, clings to the faith proclaimed by its own cultural crusaders, firmly convinced that Nanking's "devoted band of statesmen" have definitely parted from the ancestral ways, and are determined to put on the whole armour of Geneva's light. In which delusion lies the cause of the bitter words spoken from Tokyo, and of the Japanese Government's objection to a continuance of the misguided activities of Dr. Rajchmann and his colleagues.

Some interesting chapters of a book on modern China might be written around and about the men who have risen to power or fame since the Revolution of 1911, showing how their characters and careers invariably reflect the unchanging spirit of the world's oldest civilization, the atavistic influences of countless myriads of peasant lives, closely attuned to the ancestral soil. The list of such men would properly begin with that Marquis Tseng (China's Minister to Great Britain from 1879 to 1886) who, in an article published in 1887, was the first of the many who have announced the "awakening of China"; it might fittingly conclude with the present Dictator of the Kuomintang's Central Executive Committee at Nanking, General Chiang Kai-shek. Between these two worthies, fifty years apart, a long list of names might be given to illustrate "Young China's" invariable tendency to revert to type and to the fundamental ideas of China's social system, a tendency peculiarly noticeable in the careers of the most conspicuously "westernized" officials, politicians and diplomats. In this connection, the names of public characters, such as Sun Yat-sen, Tang Shao-yi, Wu Ting-fang, Wen Tsung-yao and Alfred Sze will occur at once to anyone familiar with Chinese affairs. The list might be prolonged

indefinitely by citing those public men, whose daily lives and processes of thought in their native environment bear no relation whatsoever to the schemes and sentiments which, in their official capacity, they have propounded, for foreign consumption, in regard to the impending westernization of China. Reflecting on this aspect of the case, we may reasonably assume that the purpose of the *ballon d'essai* launched by the Japanese in April, was to impress upon the Western world the fact that the mentality of the astute intellectuals who represent China at international conferences is an *article d'occasion*, ingeniously constructed and highly polished, but of no permanent significance in the scheme of things Celestial.

In several recent works dealing with present-day China (notably that written by Mr. Lionel Curtis) much praise has been bestowed upon Chiang Kai-shek, the present Dictator at Nanking, and upon his brother-in-law, the late Minister of Finance, Mr. T. V. Soong. In the English and American Press it has been customary for some time past to assume that the "Soong dynasty" (as Chiang and his immediate entourage are known) are the best rulers available, that they have made appreciable progress towards unity and stability of government, and that their collective mentality is enlightened, progressive and constructive, with a definitely patriotic purpose behind it. This opinion and the support which it receives from many prominent centres of political and cultural activity connected with the Far East (e.g. the Institute of Pacific Relations) have now been definitely challenged by Japan's "unofficial spokesman." In plain English, the Japanese declare that Geneva's failure to understand the mentality of Chiang Kai-shek and his colleagues is the true cause of the "chaotic situation" of China, and therefore a menace to the peace of the Far East.

Let us briefly examine this question by casting a retrospective and impartial eye over the career of General Chiang Kai-shek.

I select the career of General Chiang for several reasons. Firstly, because his is the mind which almost continuously since 1927 has represented the dominant political element in China in its relations with the Western world. Secondly, because he comes from typical peasant-farmer stock; although part of his military education was acquired at an academy in Japan, and although his entourage, domestic, personal and political, is conspicuously "Western" in its outlook, he himself knows no foreign language, and in his methods of government conforms to the classical Chinese tradition. Thirdly, because his career, like that of Sun Yat-sen, Feng Yu-hsiang, Chang Tso-lin, and other masterful aspirants to power, gives continual evidence of his readiness to promote his personal ambitions by the profession of any and every kind of political opinion or moral conviction.

Space does not permit of a detailed survey of his political and domestic affiliations—the reader may find them fairly set forth in Mr. Sokolsky's "Tinder Box of Asia." It will suffice for our present purpose to refer to certain characteristics of the man and phases of his career, which afford a much better guide to the mentality of the present-day rulers of China, than the polished sophistries with which Mr. Quo Tai Chi, Mr. Wellington Koo, *et al*, have habitually beguiled the Western world.

Chiang is now in his forty-ninth year. The foundation of his career may be said to have been laid in 1913, when, after two years of service with the revolutionary army, he became one of Sun Yat-sen's secretaries and a close follower of his fortunes. When Sun turned to Russia in 1923, seeking assistance in furtherance of his ambition to govern all China, he sent Chiang Kai-shek as his representative to Moscow, where Chiang acquired useful connections and a general working knowledge of Bolshevik methods, military and political. On his return to Canton, Sun appointed him President of the Whampoa Military Academy, in which capacity he speedily dominated the Cantonese Kuomintang and organized the

most efficient military unit in Southern China. At the time of Sun's death in 1925, he was in command of the revolutionary army which, with the advice and material aid of Comrades Borodin and Blucher, he organized on Red lines. With it he swept his way, cheerfully proclaiming the Bolshevik faith, to the Yangtsze. But when, after the establishment of the Canton party's government at Hankow, and the surrender to Chinese mobs of the British Concessions at that port and Kiukiang, Comrade Borodin began to assume dictatorial powers, Chiang gave a remarkable display of the qualities which account for his rise to power and ability to retain it—viz., a capacity for swift decisions, firm action and complete indifference to any obligations which might obstruct the path of his ambition. Borodin and his Bolshevik colleagues were promptly ejected from China, after which Chiang's attitude became ruthlessly anti-Communist, and his new government at Nanking, once possessed of the Shanghai Customs revenues, proceeded to establish good relations with the mercantile community and bankers of Shanghai.

During his subsequent career, chequered but on the whole successful, as military leader and controller of the Executive Council of the Kuomintang at Nanking, from 1928 till the present day, the proclaimed objects of his policy have been the unification and pacification of China, together with a far-reaching programme of economic financial and administrative reconstruction, objects, in fact, in every way admirable and calculated to gain for him the support of the friendly Powers, and lacking only in genuine efforts to achieve them. Like his famous predecessor, Yuan Shin-k'ai, Chiang has surrounded himself with the most brilliant of the Western-educated intellectuals of Young China and engaged the services of a number of distinguished foreigners as technical experts, to advise on his various schemes of reconstruction; but beneath and behind all his programmes and fair promises of reorganization and reform,

his methods of government, and their results, have remained essentially Oriental, and in no case has any foreign expert's advice resulted in any serious modification of these methods. Especially is this the case in the all-important matter of the nation's vast and useless expenditure on military forces and armaments, in regard to which Chiang's frequently proclaimed and most laudable resolutions have never concealed the real nature of his personal ambitions. These remain precisely what they were in 1925, the only difference being that whereas formerly he kept himself in power with the help of Russia, he now uses Geneva, and through Geneva the goodwill of the Western nations, for the same purpose. His enemies—notably the Cantonese party—have no hesitation in declaring that this is so; they now go further, indeed, and charge him with negotiating secretly to secure an amicable arrangement with Japan which will enable him to get the better of his rivals in the never-ending struggle for power. From the Chinese political point of view there would be nothing remarkable in such an arrangement; broadly speaking, every political faction since the Revolution, including Sun Yat-sen's Cantonese government, has repeatedly displayed its readiness to invoke the assistance of Japan against its rivals, on terms detrimental to China. Finally, the Cantonese faction asserts that Chiang's "New Life Movement" is merely a political stunt, an adroit manœuvre, intended to impress public opinion in America, and especially to regain the sympathy of the religious and philanthropic bodies in the United States, which has been somewhat alienated by the course of events since 1928, and by the anti-Christian attitude of the Kuomintang.

It is not only in the field of foreign affairs that Chiang has preserved the unbroken continuity of Chinese tradition in the methods by which he has consolidated and improved his position as chief ruler and controller of the public funds; his statecraft in dealing with domestic foes and hostile factions has also been, in all essentials,

purely Oriental. While continually exhorting his warlord opponents in the best classical manner to forsake the evil ways of militarism and to sacrifice their personal ambitions to the sacred cause of nationalism; while solemnly admonishing them against maladministration, peculation, and ill-gotten wealth, he has continually plundered the revenues for the maintenance of the largest army in the land, maintained solely for the protection of his personal position, and has incidentally acquired a private fortune which, by common report, exceeds that of any of his contemporaries or predecessors.

At a meeting of the nucleus of the Russian Communist party and Cantonese group, held in April 1926, just after Chiang had expelled his Russian advisers, a colleague of Borodin, one Comrade Stepanoff, emphasized the importance of Chiang Kai-shek's personality as a factor to be reckoned with.

> "To me and to our Chinese comrades," he said, "Chiang appears as a brilliant figure with clearly-expressed features. His prominent attributes are ambition and lust of power. He longs to become a hero in the eyes of all China. He calls himself a revolutionary, not only in the national sense, but a revolutionary as regards the whole world. . . .
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> "But the question is, what does he understand by Revolution? He wants for his purposes, power and money. I emphasize, as having observed it myself, that he wants money not to enrich himself, but to effect some grand liberal gesture. He is exceedingly lavish as regards rewards and pecuniary recompenses. He is inclined to bribe newspapers and the like, but does it in order to be heralded and made known, to be supported in his plans, etc.
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> "Besides, he is rather clever. He understands pretty well political questions, not only of a local Chinese, but of a world-wide nature. But in this, too, he is egotistic and conforms himself to the circumstances about him. Without relying on the masses, he wants their support and partly knows how to use them, in order to reach the aims of his ambition. In pursuing the same purpose, he uses us and the Chinese Communists, but only as long as we assist him and are useful to him."

That was written eight years ago. Since then, the Dictator's mentality, and the political technique which expresses it, have been occasionally modified by a factor

of extreme importance to present-day China, namely, his marriage to Mei Ling, the youngest of the famous Soong sisters. In an article recently contributed to the "People's Tribune" ("What religion means to me") this very gifted and modern-minded lady explains how and why she has come to regard it as her duty to guide her husband spiritually, to exercise (as her mother did) the kind of influence which has led Chiang "to become a Christian."

It would be extremely interesting, did space permit, to trace the visible results of this influence upon the Dictator's policies and proceedings since he "put away" his liberally-endowed first wife and took the fascinating Mei Ling to spouse, in December 1917. In the light of recent history, it is reasonable to suppose that his breach with the Russians and his "clean-up" of Communists, earlier in that year, were conditions preliminary to that marriage, imposed by the "Soong dynasty." In any case, his political activities and tendencies during the past five years, bear the unmistakable stamp of his wife's influence, of a mentality which combines in a very remarkable manner the Chinese primordial, philosophic outlook on life with the mental equipment of an American graduate. There can be no doubt, for instance, that the Nanking Government's activities in and around the League of Nations since 1930; its abandonment of further attempts to subjugate the northern and southern factions by force of arms; the declaration of its new policy, that war-lords should "live and let live"; and lastly, its inauguration of the "New Life" movement, whereby the nation is to be uplifted to an ideal state of brotherly love, charity and personal cleanliness as the result of official example and exhortation; all these are evidence of a new element, influencing the mind of China's chief war-lord, leaving its fundamental purposes unchanged, but modifying its methods.

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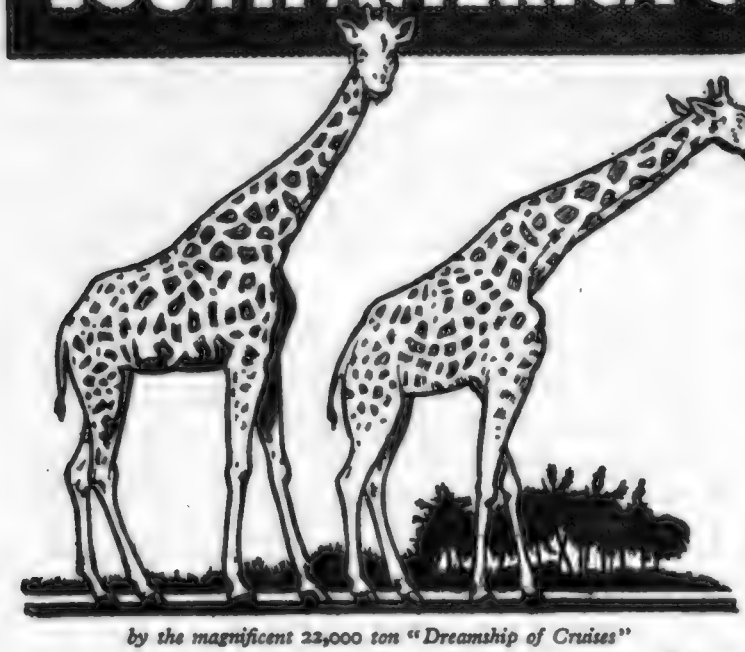

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Ghosts at No. 6 Whitehall Gardens

By Humbert Wolfe

IF you do not believe—and heaven knows why you should—that the mixture of the Sanhedrim and a bank holiday crowd at Liverpool Street Station ever existed, I will take you by the hand and lead you with quiet triumph to No. 6 Whitehall Gardens. Grey, elegant and untroubled, the house stands outwardly as though it were still the home and resort of fashion. The windows have their old air of easy proportion, and the entrance hall has a coolly rectilinear impertinence that all but scans you through a quizzing-glass. "Yes," I will say, "this is where the Ministry of Munitions began.

* * * * * *

And first, since they precede the others in time, I recall from their distant quiet Sir Percy Girouard and Lord Moulton, two men to whom for different reasons England owes more than it will ever know. Sir Percy will enter with his characteristic movement. He will, I mean, clatter to the table in No. 6 where he has left his military belt and cap among the civilian coats, stamping like a horse about to leave his stable. "Who wants me?" he will say, looking round over his shoulder, still like a horse, "L.G.?" "O, very well!" He will adjust his eyeglass in his cold and prominent eye, and, muttering strange oaths under his breath, proceed to obey instructions.

As he often did, as he did, for example, one day at Manchester after Mr. Lloyd George had spoken to a great audience in the Free Trade Hall. A large suite had accompanied the Minister, not least among whom was the French-Canadian General and ex-Governor, by no means gratified at his inclusion in the tour. A special coach was put at the Minister's disposal by the railway company. He had, however, gone in advance by car, and I was left with Sir Percy to accept the rather

dampened homage presented by one of the directors. Sir Percy tugged at his moustache, fixed his eyeglass and rasped in a voice whose colour might be described as cracked walnut, "No business of mine, of course. Secretary's fault, and that sort of thing. But anyhow we're on the job, too. May as well be comfortable as not, what? Have a cigar?" In the train the secretaries sat like gentlemen's gentlemen in a small back cabin. The heroes sat in the main coach with the coronas on the table and the plans all scattered with ash. Sir Frederick Donaldson, head of Woolwich Arsenal, was there, brought down to discuss production with the engineers of Manchester. Looking through the glass door one observed Sir Percy's face redly and menacingly near to the cool indifference of Sir Frederick's. He kept thrusting at him with his forefinger. Presently Sir Frederick, tired either of being prodded or stimulated, retired sulkily to a distant chair. Sir Percy wrote continuously with that slow painstaking movement of a boy in his Lower Third. The words, however, that he had scrawled heavily at the top of his first sheet were "National Factories." Sir Frederick had fallen asleep in his chair, but Sir Percy never ceased his labours till the train reached Manchester. Sir Frederick woke with a jerk and looked round dazed as though he had mislaid something. He had. It was Woolwich Arsenal, and Sir Percy had annexed it while he slept.

The crowd had, as it were, sobbed itself quiet after the hysterical thunders with which it had followed Mr. Lloyd George's forked lightning. The chairman rose, and soothing the audience with his hand, like a doctor soothing a patient after a fit, announced that at Mr. Lloyd George's urgent request Sir Percy Girouard would say a few words to the meeting. Sir Percy Girouard was not explained to them. He was called upon, practically without warning, to speak in the uneasy silence after an electric storm. A disagreeable job, but orders were orders. He clanked to the front of the platform, and

squared his stocky shoulders. "Mr. Chairman and gentlemen," he began, glaring at the latter fiercely through his eyeglass, and his voice, pumped rather than breathed out, rang strange after the dulcet scales that had but recently enchanted the air. "I am a soldier and not an orator. But I am a French-Canadian, and I knew Sir Wilfred Laurier. If I hadn't known him I should have thought that great speakers couldn't be great men of action. He taught me better. That's why I'm here—under Mr. Lloyd George's orders." The audience cheered. He held up his arm. "Don't cheer yet," he said. "Wait till we've finished the job." He sat down, but the audience disobeyed him. In any case it was not given to him to help to finish the job, but he returns as I saw him that day at Manchester, with his head thrown back, croaking like a courageous frog, at the night of which nobody could see the end. Mr. Chairman and gentlemen! Sir Percy Girouard was after all right. He was a soldier.

Lord Moulton, like Sir Percy Girouard, takes pride of place because his services anticipated the creation of the Ministry. It was at a meeting of the committee plunged in gloom because of information as to the possible failure of supply vital to the armies that I first saw the great lawyer and the greater man of science. He flapped heavily into the room, looking and moving like nothing on earth so much as Tenniel's picture of the Mock Turtle. This appearance was accentuated by a shortness of neck and a habit of folding up what there was in a manner not common in humans. His voice, when he began to speak, had something of the richness of a good soup, but no man ever spoke with more sense or directness. On this occasion his words, to one pair of ears at any rate, rang like the call of the bagpipes at Lucknow. He was in his huge rolling way promising the impossible. As he sheathed his eyes with the heavy lids of a primeval lizard, it was difficult to believe the good news. When he opened them, however, there burned within them such cold grey fires as only the blind could resist. In fact, he

performed and more than performed all that he had promised.

Lord Moulton, unlike many other reputations, had a specific genius, and not that generalized lack of applied knowledge which is described as the gift of organization. I had many interviews with captains of industry, from which I returned with the uneasy suspicion that if that was all they had to impart, then either (which was probable) they didn't trust me or (what was possible) they had succeeded in business because their only competitors were business men like themselves. I do not forget a great business man, almost the greatest of American business men, that I was sent to interview with secrecy and urgency under the cover of night. When I received my instructions I didn't know whether he might be in the U.S.A., in France, or in this country. I tracked him down in the afternoon at Folkestone on the point of leaving for France. With characteristic courtesy he agreed to wait till the next morning.

I chose for some melodramatic reason to go by car. As we throbbed out into Kent with dimmed headlights, the chauffeur said that he could only keep even that amount of light going by racing the engines. I did not know then and I do not know now what racing the engines meant or means. But it was wartime, and I was on a mission and anyhow the car wasn't mine. Spiritually I folded my arms and adjusted my three-cornered hat. "Race the engines," I said curtly. We did, and with the result that we raced into the ditch. Fortunately it was a time of tense emotion in which the mere mention of my chief's name produced another car at the nearest country house. But it was necessary to telephone to the Pavilion Hotel at Folkestone, explaining the reason for my delay and also to persuade the new chauffeur to keep the headlights on. If there is a Zeppelin raid, he objected, we shall be accused of being spies. There was, and we were, but at least we reached Folkestone before midnight.

The hotel lay in sheeted quiet with never a light showing, thus resembling the whole town. I was shown up to my host's apartment. He received me with that princely courtesy of which Arnold Bennett speaks in "Those United States." He was not merely an amiably great man. He was a favourably disposed member of a ruling dynasty, receiving an emissary, however humble, of a friendly Power, with suitable international courtesy. Such poor drinks as the hotel afforded, his great gesture indicated, were at my command and if, I reflected, there were larger cigars in the world they must be reserved for the use of elephants. When I had overcome the embarrassment naturally experienced at finding oneself engaged in a hotel by the sea in *tête-à-tête* conversation at midnight with Royalty, I explained our difficulty as best I could. I had memorized battalions of figures in the hope of making a good impression. They appeared to make none whatever. I had acquired certain technical *patois*, which I hoped I now spoke almost with the native accent of the greasy spanner. There was no response. I had thought out a peroration of the kind that I had learned from literature was acceptable in the U.S. It did not appear to be accepted. My host leaned back in his chair and puffed at his cigar. The firelight (for there was only one lamp in the big room) threw almost a Red Indian shade on his broad, grave brows. He removed his cigar. "Get together," he said, and then "Listen! When my father was running the money panic in 189– the bank presidents and commercial heads came to consult with him one evening about a quarter of nine o'clock. He had them shown into the drawing-room and had refreshments sent in. Then he locked the door from the outside and left them to reflect among themselves. At 2 a.m. he opened the door, and when they came out, they knoo one another."

It was difficult to incorporate this—the only information I received—in my report, and though I should be the last to gainsay the importance and interest of bank

presidents knowing one another, I could not feel at the time that the solution of our problem had been materially advanced. I was not sure, I reflected miserably in the cold air of Kent next morning, that my great host really understood the problem and, as the car dashed through Tonbridge, I began to wonder whether I had understood it myself. That, however, was not the kind of organizer Lord Moulton was. He had some of that sort about him, naturally, because you cannot, if you understand me, do business without business men. But that was not his affair. He was concerned with understanding and overreaching the stubborn objectivity of Nature. Under the savage intensity of his gaze facts uneasily divested themselves of their clothes of custom, and put away their pretences. When asked for information he gave it according to the intelligence of his questioner. When I think of the devastating lucidity of his expositions to me, I ask myself exactly why he was at such pains to be so abundantly clear. I was, of course, the Minister's agent, but——

Here, then, are two chairs very high up that should be left vacant at the next reunion, but I doubt whether they had better be placed side by side. Let them be separated perhaps by Lord Curzon, who had his brief association with the Ministry as its representative for a few months in the House of Lords. It was a day or two after the formation of the new Government, and the actual day upon which the new Minister had settled in to No. 6. The excellent messenger at the front door, used to the rural quiet of the house, was overwhelmed by men bringing furniture, postmen bringing sacks of letters, inventors bringing anything from bales of cloth to some of the smaller parts of heavy siege artillery, members of the public with grievances and others soon to acquire them, Government officials looking for their rooms, their chiefs and their work, and last, members of the Government hurrying or strolling up the stone stairs according as to whether they were new to the Cabinet or not. While the hubbub raged outside and

miraculously, in the absence of traffic lights, there were no major accidents, there sat within doors a council of three—Mr. Lloyd George, Lord Kitchener, and Lord Curzon. What the subject of their deliberations was, had not been imparted. It was so secret, indeed, that someone had suggested that they did not know themselves. Meanwhile, I sat in my office—a large room with one chair, which I relinquished to callers—interviewing supermen on the Minister's behalf. By all accounts, England was thick with them. Hardly a man, who trooped up the stairs, but was a born organizer or one, as Cyril Asquith said, able to cope with the national crises owing to his long experience of crises in his private affairs.

From time to time the bell from the inner room rang and I crept in only to be assured on each occasion that it had rung by mistake. The Conference of the Three, indeed, broke up because, owing to some error in the wiring, the bell kept summoning the most unlikely people from all parts of the building. Presently Lord Curzon, to whom I had been presented, came out and stood in my room looking out of the window into Whitehall Gardens. I jumped to my feet to offer my chair. He turned his strange lemon-shaped head in my direction, giving me the impression as he looked at me that I was one of a very large number of eager young men with untidy black hair anxious to attract his notice; in fact, as I came to know, that look as of one gazing down at earth from a cloud was strictly and simply due to his being nearly always raised to a great height on a pillar of pain. This, rather than pro-consular arrogance, isolated him from ordinary human contacts. This, however, I did not know, and I confess that, as I looked at him, I could almost see the elephant on which he rode, the gaily canopied howdah and perhaps the mahout leaning forward with a jewelled ankus in his hand. He did not appear to notice my offer of the chair. He turned back to the window with a smile that did not so much light as shadow his face. Presently he called to me. "Come

here and look," he said. We gazed out at the tumult. Two Office of Works men had just upset a large cupboard and were discussing the mishap in the frank unembarrassed way that the British workman shares with the British aristocrat. Women and men like outbound emigrants passing their returning predecessors flowed in two streams. Here and there a face that seemed familiar eddied above the throng. Surely that head of a Roman Emperor must be John Redmond, but what would he want here? And could that be—but surely it couldn't—looking like another Roman Emperor, but one elected by the Pretorian Guard from gladiatorial candidates, Lord Northcliffe?

Lord Curzon stood in silence for a time, and, as I did not know what was expected of me, I stood by his side. The crowds subsided and now a few isolated figures strolled across the space with an air of considerable assurance. First of the little group, leaning on Bonham-Carter's arm, was the newly appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer. Seen from above by some trick of refraction his face bore an expression of Chinese self-satisfaction—an emotion to which no person appointed Chancellor at that moment could have been prey. I do not remember what others followed him, but I do remember Lord Curzon taking a deep breath and speaking to me almost for the first time since he had entered my room. "Ah," he said, "I perceive a further inrush of Cabinet Ministers. And one," he added, "will shortly be crushed by that cupboard—a strange doom. No! he has escaped it. It is, we must suppose, God's will." He left me to greet his colleagues. The cheerful abuse of the workmen and sundry violent hammerings were all that remained to suggest the august company that I had so lately entertained.

A few weeks later I was sent to Carlton Gardens to explain details of the brief supplied as the basis of his speech in the House of Lords. I was admitted to the great room where he was awaiting me. He did not rise, but pointed to his foot. There was no question but that

he was in pain. It seemed, indeed, to me that he only contrived to keep his head upright and in that particular position by a juggling feat. It was not so much set between his shoulders as cleverly, and rather breathlessly, balanced there. There was no vice-regal splendour in his manner, nor any fear that I might forget that the suffering figure before me was Lord Curzon of Kedleston. He even began chuckling about Mr. Balfour's Burne-Jones. "You had the courage not to like them," he said. "You should go far—though," he said looking at me reflectively, "I can't be sure in what direction. What do you think of his metaphysics? A.J.B.'s, I mean." "Well," I said nervously, "I think, that is I thought, they were like Mr. Haldane's—a little impromptu. I mean you can't vamp epistemology." He shifted his leg with a slight grimace. "Nor statesmanship," I thought that he muttered, but I may have been wrong. "Picking out the absolute with one finger wouldn't be your way?" he said, speaking out loud. "No! Well! Will you have tea—or whisky?" We both took tea. "Now" he said, "tell me." I went through the details point by point, at first slowly, then quicker at his request, but however quickly, never too quick. His mind moved like an elephant. It looked ponderous, but it was extremely swift and silent. After about three-quarters of an hour he said: "Let me go over the points." He presented me with a flawless aide-memoire. "Is that right?" he asked. "Admirable," I said. "Good," he replied, "just one point—you keep bringing in Addison's name. What has the essayist to do here? It is an amiable literary diversion, but unexpected." "Not Joseph Addison, Lord Curzon, but Dr. Addison." "Ah, and who, then, is Dr. Addison?" "Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Munitions," I replied. "A member of our Government?" said Lord Curzon. "Dear me! You are not, I see, merely widely read, but possess a mine of general information. Come again soon!"

That stately ghost will not bring to the reunion the burden of his pain, his disappointment and his unremitting devotion to an ideal as unintelligible to his colleagues, as would be a thirteenth-century Crusader who had stumbled into a Hollywood film-crusade. His contact with the Ministry was too brief to earn the dubious right to that fellowship. He belongs, I think, in another and older Valhalla. He fades to make way for the dark and enigmatic eyes of Edwin Montagu, shrine of all the useless wisdom of his race, its tragic doubt, its secular sensitiveness and its prevision of doom. I saw him first on the day that he addressed the heads of the office on his appointment to office of Minister. Long before his time the Minister had been drifted off on the rising tide of staff first to a new office building in Whitehall Place and thence into the gilded reaches of the Hotel Metropole. It was in the dining-room of that last outpost of the mid-Victorian Age that Mr. Montagu, pale as Pierrot, rose to catch the reflection in absurd mirrors of two eyes that had taken refuge in his face from some other and unknown face. As always he screened them for a second before speaking with the dark comfort of their lids. Like Sir Percy Girouard, he used an eyeglass, but where the General used his for a sort of cock-robin offensive, Edwin Montagu hid behind his, like an orchid sheltered under glass. He moved the cord restlessly in his fingers, then followed a curious motion of his tongue as though he were licking up words as an anteater catches flies, and then suddenly he spoke in a soft, husky voice, halfway between a great actress and trouble with the tonsils. "Gentlemen," he began, "I cannot hope to rival, I can only faintly aspire to imitate my great predecessor." He said more after this, but these words affected me most then and still remain in my mind. There could be no doubt that the words, partly and even accurately, expressed one aspect of the speaker's mind. But no faintest ray illuminated the dark of his eyes. They looked—no other word will fit—stagnant, like old deserted

pools with no life in their deeps. They were utterly divorced from his speech. They did not so much repudiate as dislimn it. It was, in fact, impossible both to listen to his words and to look at his eyes. Because they cancelled out and you were left with a hint of chaos.

The war was prolific of departments, committees, boards and commissions. The old departments peered—a row of Queen Anne houses—in meek astonishment at a wilderness of insecure skyscrapers towering above their modest heads. Hardly a phase of the nation's life but had its appropriate avenue of disorganized expenditure. It was not surprising therefore that a new board with immense impetus and no particular direction appeared simultaneously with Mr. Montagu's appointment, nor was it more strange that its object, in so far as it possessed one, was one of the objects specifically assigned to Mr. Montagu. It was, however, strange that (perhaps through some confusion of names) I found myself appointed secretary to this board with one of the senior Cabinet Ministers as my chairman. Mr. Montagu was consulted as to whether he would agree to my transfer. He asked not unnaturally for a day in order to consider the matter. It would be easier, he indicated, to decide when he had discovered who I was, or, as he added with a caution due to his knowledge of wartime efficiency, whether, indeed, there was a person of that name in existence. A day was granted him, though it was hinted that till the board functioned the issues of the war hung in the balance.

Mr. Montagu learned upon inquiry that there was, indeed, such a person as myself under his jurisdiction. Conflicting views as to my abilities and indeed as to my integrity reached him from various quarters. There was, for example, on the unfriendly side a certain Major Fitz-Bones, an improbable name, but no more improbable than the real one. He was in private life a commission agent, but he had studied the best models with the result that he puffed his moustache, blew out his red

cheeks and shouted as though (on several occasions) he had held the Khyber Pass single-handed. It was doubtful, indeed, whether he had any right to his rank, indeed, to his uniform, but, as someone justly observed, what was one major among so many? Let us be grateful, he added, that he had not elected himself a brigadier* (like the man in Notts, whose face was just a mass of spots). This person was of the "push and go" variety much in demand during the early days of the war. What, in fact, he pushed, except his private affairs, and whither he was going was not clear. But what he said was as legible as block capitals. "Cut out the cackle," he bellowed, "and get down to the hosses. What we want isn't talk," he howled, "it's the man with the order-book." And finally like all the Bulls of Bashan in chorus, "Happen to know that there's a war on?" Such ejaculations as these naturally secured him respect and responsibility. He was always prepared with a hard-headed opinion on every subject and, as his opinion was always wrong, he was much consulted. Acting on advice, Mr. Montagu consulted him. Mr. Montagu was assured that I was not merely a German, but positively a Jew. Mr. Montagu adjusted his monocle. "Is it possible?" he murmured. "Fact, I assure you," exploded the Major. "Why you've only to look at him." "Yes," drawled Mr. Montagu, "in that case I had better look at him. O, and major, do, if you can find it in your heart, show a little indulgence to us Jews." No less damaging to my prospect of transfer was the wholly unfounded allegation of my popularity as a negotiator. But the authority here was Sir Thomas Munro, who not merely never spoke ill of anyone, but invented with every detail of veracity the most fantastic virtues in the least deserving. He had in mind, I imagine, 6 a.m. on Hackney Marshes, when I addressed a crowd of strikers from an upturned tub. It appeared later, that my speech had merely made the whole shift, who had been

* *Vide* Poems on Geddesville ad loc.

returning to work, twenty minutes late, but this after all, Sir Thomas Munro was entitled to urge, did not distinguish me from other able strike-settlers. Sir Thomas Munro was supported in other quarters, but nowhere, in Mr. Montagu's view, so strongly as by Major Fitz-Bones (peace be to his ashes !). The Minister accordingly sent for me to announce his decision.

I have no knowledge of or desire to express an opinion on Indian affairs. I cannot guess whether Mr. Montagu saved or ruined our dominion there. I do not know whether General Dyer deserved the Sword of Honour, presented to him by *The Morning Post*, or to be dismissed the army. But I do know that I could almost have read in Mr. Montagu's eyes that ugly scene when the packed gangsters howled him down in the House of Commons. I could have foretold, I think, that Fate had just that cad's trick up its sleeve. I saw a sensitiveness so exquisite, so almost shuddering, that I should have known that Fate could never have resisted the temptation to punish him for his unlikeness to the herd. He looked as he always looked, bowed under the weight of his thought, and as always his dark eyes seemed to be turned away from the light, like the backs of escaping slaves. He smiled, though, when I came in. " They have been telling me shocking things about you, Mr. Wolfe," he said. His smile and the dark warm note in his voice reassured me. " Have they, Minister ? " I asked cheerfully. " Indeed, they have," he replied. " They tell me," he said dangling his monocle, " they tell me that you are positively a Jew. Is such a thing possible ? " A happy relief flooded my being. This was the sort of Minister with whom I could do. I remembered Max Beerbohm's famous witticism and altered it (without confessing the origin !). " Not only possible, Minister," I said, " but certain. And not only a Jew, but the worst kind of Jew." " What kind of Jew is that ?" he inquired. I looked into the mirror over his shoulder. " A Red Indian Jew," I replied meekly. " You have said it ! "

he answered. "You damn well stay here and no nonsense about transfer." "Yes, Minister," I said. "Yes, Mr. Wolfe," he mimicked me, "and if its salary you're thinking of, I daresay it might be arranged." "It was not that only," I said, "I wanted to say that I wanted ——." "That's two wanteds," he interrupted. "Well," I said, "I meant that I'd changed my mind. I wanted to stay—now." He said nothing. It was like him, as I afterwards discovered, to say nothing when he was pleased.

After these I would summon from the vast, deep shades of two under-secretaries, Neil Primrose and F. G. Kellaway, men as different in their lives as in the manner of their deaths. I had first seen Primrose many years before at some dinner at Oxford, which his father—the legendary Lord Rosebery—had addressed. The speech was nothing, though the voice, through which rolling drums were heard, was something. But the man was the Alcibiades of the modern world. Everything mortal he had attained and put away. He had, it must be assumed, found something more acceptable than these shadows. From the great quiet and wisdom that he had attained he condescended (so I thought) to humanity. It was overwhelming, and not less overwhelming as I heard him say, as he passed me by with his son. "Come along, Neil. Don't keep me." He had, I supposed, some improbable tryst, and Neil didn't keep him. Because about an hour or two later Neil and a few friends went about industriously removing the signboards from the various public-houses in Oxford. It took, I remember, about a week before they found the King's Head again.

I did not, I admit, when I attended on Mr. Primrose, expect him first to dot me one and then, hallooing vigorously to jump out of the window through the skylight into the Copying Room. For he had already been an under-secretary at the Foreign Office in a previous administration. I was not, however, prepared for so much dignity and for a self-possession which would not

have disgraced the Pope. I found later that this was in part a façade assumed in dismay when he observed my comparatively tender years. He had been accustomed everywhere to be the youngest person at every conference. Still less than thirty he took it ill that anybody whatever should be younger still. The breach which this unfortunate accident occasioned would, I think, never have been healed had he not discovered that I ventured to share his opinion of that member of the Geddes family who had at the moment settled on the Ministry of National Service. Mr. Primrose laboured under the mistaken impression that General Auckland Geddes was originally a member of the dental profession. Nothing that I could do would disabuse his mind of this misconception. "Don't tell me," he would grumble. "Just look at him." I told him haughtily that looking at General Geddes was no part of my official obligations. From that moment he forgave me my age.

Of all junior Ministers he was the most conscientious and hardest-working. His displeasing habit was to be at the office between 8.30 and 9, and he might, if it occurred to him, stay till the same hour in the evening. But he had numerous interests outside the official that gave his queer marble-blue eyes a look almost of surprise as though he were always seeing someone or something unexpected over your shoulder. Politics had a share, but the chief distraction was a feeling that he ought to be where his yeomen were in the East. "What right have we," he said to me suddenly when we were poring over some file, "what right have we to be sitting here instead of being killed like everybody else of our age?" "Aren't we perhaps preventing a certain number from being killed?" I answered. "We hope so, we pretend so, perhaps we even think so. But I don't like it—and if they try to yank me into politics proper you won't be able to see me for the dust." "What about me?" I asked. "I thought you were medically rejected?" "So I was —twice—but, I daresay, if I tried very hard, I could

persuade some doctor to pass me." "I should try very hard," he said.

I went into his room shortly before he was appointed Chief Whip on the formation of Mr. Lloyd George's Government. I was introduced to a formidable Member of Parliament by the name of Sir Max Aitken. I observed, though I was only in the room three minutes, that he called Mr. Primrose by his Christian name two or three times and mentioned four or five other eminent persons in the same way. When I went in later I mentioned the visitor. "Doesn't he know any surnames?" I asked. "Or is he only asked to use them when people know him well enough?" "You lay off that man, my child," he said. "You're too fond of looking for trouble, and if you find him in your way you'll find Mount Everest. It won't be long before people are asking to call him by his middle name and get chucked out on their middle ear for cheek." "What's he been to see you about?" I asked. "It will not be in the public interest," he answered, "to reply to that question."

A month later I went to see him in the Chief Whip's room at No. 12. While I was there the telephone rang continuously, because the minor appointments in the new Government were still unsettled. "No," I heard him say, "there isn't room. I'm terribly sorry, we're complete." He put down the receiver. "What about the job of Chief Whip?" I asked. "Couldn't he have that?" Anybody can," he said, "next week." "Are you really going?" "Really." "Why?" Weariness fell from his face as suddenly as though he had taken off a wax mask to show the bright and living face below. "A man's got to live some time," he said. "And die," I put in. "Absent thee from felicity awhile," he grinned, and shook my hand warmly. "Give my love to the dentist," he shouted to my retreating back, "if you see him." The next time that I heard of him was in the list of "Killed."

"Heart, you were never hot,
Nor large, nor full like hearts made great with 'shot.'"

Mr. Kellaway, on the other hand, ended his distinguished political career, which included among other offices that of Postmaster-General, as Vice-Chairman of the Marconi Company.

Many other ghosts there are who will throng back till a year comes when the reunion can more conveniently be held on the other side of the Styx. And many there are who are not my ghosts. There remains one, however, who I will on no account permit to make his temporal modesty eternal. I beg an exeat from Charon for Sir Thomas Munro, and I beg at the same time that my nerves may not be harrowed by his being permitted to leave the ferry in a taxi. Because it is my belief, and the belief of all unprejudiced observers—that until a motor car was forced upon him, bitterly protesting, his average taxi bill per diem was in the neighbourhood of £2. All the years of the war he was dying on his feet, but that didn't prevent his putting in about ten hours a day at the office. Only it happened about three times a week that he felt persuaded that he wouldn't be able to last the day. This led to his arriving in a taxi which he kept waiting. He would come, breathing heavily, into my room. "I've only come to say that I shan't be staying," he would begin sinking into a chair. "Heart again, Sir Tom? How rotten. You ought to have stayed in bed." "I know. What's that file you got?" "Oh, nothing. Don't bother. We'll manage." "Yes, but what is it?" "Well, actually it's one of yours." "I'd better see it." "You'll never go if you do." "I'll keep my coat on." "And the taxi waiting I suppose." By this time he was engrossed, gradually he removed his coat, his muffler and his gloves. "I'll just have to have a word with MacDonald about this," and had escaped before anything could be done. Phillips would appear at 1.15. "Sir Thomas want to know if you'll lunch with him at the National Club?" Alas, no longer at No. 1 Whitehall Gardens. "Of course, but is that d—d taxi still there?" It was. Believe me he was capable of keeping it during

lunch and then bringing it back. "If ever you commit a murder," Gordon Campbell said, "I shall tell the police to go round London looking for a house outside which there is a taxi showing £8 5s. on the meter. Within will be discovered the murderer."

Sir Thomas—County Clerk of Lanarkshire—was not very like a murderer either in looks or ways. Indeed, if there had been any necessity for this, Nature would have stood up in him and said: "This is what I mean by not a murderer." He radiated a kind of happy wisdom, his modesty was perfectly unfathomable, his generosity immeasurable, and his family circumstances the happiest that I have ever encountered. It was difficult, indeed, to know where he lived because he appeared to have a suite at the Central Station Hotel, Glasgow, a house at Hamilton, rooms at the North British, a bedroom at the National Club, and a sleeper, of which he had apparently a seven and fourteen years' lease, on the London and North Western Railway. Whatever the state of his health or his business he would not be parted one moment longer than State business demanded from his wife and daughters. If they were coming to London he felt it incumbent on him to fetch them, if they were returning he accompanied them. And all the time his heart was beating more and more ominously, so that his breathing at times hurt our hearts, too.

It seems to me, looking back, that the last time I saw him was at a dinner that a few of those escaping from Government Service gave me at the end of the war. Two of the best five-minutes speeches that I ever heard, or ever will hear, had been delivered by Cyril Asquith and Garrod, the two wittiest after-dinner speakers in England. Then Sir Thomas rose. "I will be perfectly frank with you," he said—and when the cheers had subsided added: "I liked the young man." I tried to get up and thank him. I couldn't then. I can't now.

Morocco and the Treaty of Algeciras

By J. Soames

MARSHAL LYAUTEY was the creator of modern Morocco; a rare good fortune permitted him to formulate and carry out his own policy with the minimum of interference (though certainly also with the minimum of material support) from the central government, and though he later suffered the proverbial ingratitude of France to her colonial administrators, he had the time and the power during his tenure of office to carry out the work for which his high talents were so admirably fitted upon his own lines. Not only France but all Europe is conscious that with his death one of the greatest figures in the modern world has disappeared; and it is particularly opportune at this moment to consider the position and prospects of the colony which he governed, defended and increased, and upon which the impress of his policy—though inevitably modified by his successors—is so strongly stamped.

Morocco has been considered the brightest jewel in the crown of the Third Republic, and the year 1933 has marked the last stage of the great enterprise which Lyautey began—the final subjugation of the dissident tribes in the Atlas. The Sultan of Morocco (or rather the French Governor-General in his name) now rules in deed and in fact over the whole territory which is marked on the map as being part of his dominions; and there seems no reason to suppose that there can be any further serious opposition to the advance of the French troops under General Huré. In less than thirty years France, largely owing to the genius of the late Marshal, has transformed the Protectorate, morally, economically and politically, and until very recently there has appeared no obstacle which should obstruct a continuation of the process upon the same lines.

But during the last few years uncertainty about the future has become more and more clearly expressed in the French and Moroccan press of all shades of political opinion, and in his recent declaration of policy Monsieur Henri Ponsot, the new Governor-General, made no attempt to disguise the fact that the financial and economic position of the country is far from satisfactory, and must give rise to very grave anxiety.

The French Protectorate of Morocco dates from the Treaty of Algeciras (1906), and by the terms of that Treaty (which was confirmed and ratified by the Treaty of Versailles) Morocco, though a French Protectorate, is bound to remain a free trade country; but it is very questionable whether her finances will stand this much longer, partly owing to the world crisis, from the effects of which she has not escaped, and partly owing to the internal policy of the French administration.

During the War and the boom years which immediately followed it an enormous expansion took place under French influence in the production of Morocco's two principal articles of export, cereals and phosphates. Not only was the native population encouraged and given every facility to produce more wheat, but after the War colonization took place at a great rate, as soon as the retirement of Marshal Lyautey (who had always opposed the granting of land to French immigrants) made this possible. The " colons " were given land on long purchase, and very easy loan facilities were granted them by the Banque of Maroc and other allied organizations, so that under this stimulus mechanization began on a large scale and production was largely increased, partly due to better methods of cultivation and increased marketing facilities and partly to the putting of more land under cultivation. A similar large expansion took place in the phosphate industry, and the creation of the port of Casablanca (begun by Marshal Lyautey) gave added facilities for export on a large scale. But when the world economic crisis began to be fully felt, the wheat

growers of France insisted that the country could no longer absorb the whole production of Moroccan wheat; and by a stroke of the administrative pen the Moroccan growers found themselves obliged to dispose of their surplus on a world market already glutted. And this they had and have to do, in an increasingly protectionist world, without the power to make trade agreements or fix quotas with their principal suppliers of manufactured goods, for by the terms of the Treaty of Algeciras Moroccan ports must remain open to the world, and goods entering them are simply liable to an *ad valorem* duty of 12 per cent.

The position of the phosphate industry is not much better than that of agriculture. The demand, as a result of the world crisis and the resultant congestion of the wheat market, inevitably fell, and after sterling abandoned the gold standard the Moroccan phosphate producers found that their forward contracts, many of which were in sterling, were a liability rather than an asset; while the subsequent devaluation of the dollar gave the United States, the other most important phosphate-producing country, an enormous advantage in the European market. The difficulty with the United States has been partially dealt with by an agreement fixing the relative proportions in which that country and the North African producers shall supply the European market, but this arrangement by no means entirely disposes of the difficulty, and the industry—which it was hoped would become one of the chief economic supports of Morocco—cannot find a market for more than a small proportion of its production at a profitable price.

The table on page 304, which covers the first quarter of 1933, clearly shows the position of Morocco, as a dumping ground for the whole world.

And it must be remembered also that France herself, in this same period, exported to Morocco goods to the value of 402,330,000 francs, while she imported no more than 135,354,000 francs worth. There is a small surplus of

	Value of goods sold to Morocco.	Value of goods purchased from Morocco.
Gt. Britain ..	49 million francs	3 million francs.
Germany ..	17 ,, ,,	7 ,, ,,
Belgium	40 ,, ,,	3 ,, ,,
United States ..	39 ,, ,,	3 ,, ,,
Japan	30 ,, ,,	1 ,, ,,
Rumania ..	33 ,, ,,	0 ,, ,,
China	21 ,, ,,	0 ,, ,,
Russia	11 ,, ,,	0 ,, ,,

exports over imports with Norway, Spain and the Canary Islands, but this is quite insufficient to redress the balance.

Such an economic position the administrative policy of the French Protectorate has done little to ameliorate. Since the retirement of Marshal Lyautey (under whose government Morocco stood apart from the field of party politics) the Protectorate has now come more and more to be a pawn in the game of the French political machine, and through the creation of new administrative services as well as the expansion of those already in existence a means of increasing the political influence of those who are for the moment able to direct the choice of personnel. Morocco, with a population of six millions, has an administrative corps of 18,000; and though admirable work has undoubtedly been done in many fields, the constant change of personnel in the higher posts, due to the influence of party politics, has made continuity of policy less secure; and the various administrative services are tending more and more to that rigid bureaucracy which is the danger of democratic government, while they are losing touch with the native population, whose interests are no longer so carefully considered as under the rule of the first great Governor-General. While the dissident tribes in the south are being subdued an educated native party in Fez and elsewhere is growing up, fiercely critical of French methods, but the possible effect of such a body of feeling upon the country as a whole is hard to calculate, and in

any case cannot materially affect the situation for some time to come.

Morocco was able to carry this expensive administrative machine in spite of the restrictions upon her economic action imposed by the Treaty of Algeciras during the boom years after the war; but for the last few years her budget has not been balanced, and she has been obliged to have recourse to ever larger State loans in order to carry on; so that at the present moment 30 per cent. of her annual revenue goes in interest payable upon such loans. There was a deficit of 30 million francs upon the budget of last year; and the Protectorate finds itself faced with an administrative machine far beyond its financial capacity; a policy of French colonization which has already become a liability; a military policy which, although it has been highly successful and may now, it is hoped, become less costly, must still be a heavy charge; while it is unable to defend its exports in any way in the congested world market.

The position is well recognized in France, and the new Governor-General, Monsieur Henri Ponsot, has already proposed a remedy. That proposed remedy is (as it could hardly fail to be) a modification of the economic clauses of the Treaty of Algeciras. It is desired to acquire the power to make quota agreements with the principal exporting countries, in order to safeguard the Moroccan market from the disastrous foreign dumping which she can no longer afford, and at the same time give her a weapon with which to protect her export trade. And it can hardly fail also to be the policy of France, when and if such modification of the Treaty takes place, to secure for her own now so restricted export trade the share of the Moroccan market which had previously gone to her rivals.

As a preliminary step to such diplomatic action, and also for other reasons which are immediately apparent, it has been thought advisable to link up all the French North African possessions more closely than has hitherto

been possible, for Algeria and Tunisia are governed quite separately, Tunis also as a French Protectorate and Algeria as a Department of France, so that it is not at present always easy to obtain united action between them and the Moroccan Protectorate. With this object—to facilitate united action among the French colonies in North Africa—la Conférence Interministérielle de l'Afrique du Nord has been created, a body composed of the Governors-General of all three colonies, which is to meet, whenever it is thought necessary, with the object of making the colonial position clear in Paris and co-ordinating whatever action may be decided upon in the colonies themselves. The Sultan of Morocco has already made a formal protest through the official channels at this inclusion of his kingdom with the French colonies proper, but this protest is hardly likely to have much effect, and indeed the Conférence Interministérielle is merely intended to be a step towards the creation of a separate ministry in Paris, which shall more effectively unite the interests and policy of French North Africa.

It seems certain that an attempt to modify the Treaty of Algeciras must shortly be made, and already there is considerable Italian propaganda against such an attempt, for it is evident that the government in Rome will in future take a more and more active part in North African politics and, indeed, the transference of Marshal Balbo from the Air Ministry to the Governorship of Libya was no doubt made partly with that object in view. Italian aims are perfectly clear : Italy is opposed to any alteration in the status quo of Morocco unless such an alteration will bring her at least equivalent advantages to those which she had previously enjoyed, and she can hardly fail to find support (at any rate in theory) for this position from the other great exporting nations which have found in Morocco a market for their wares, of which (as the above table makes clear) Great Britain and the United States are among the most important.

Nor must it be forgotten that the German Government

has an old connection with Morocco, and though the Treaty of Versailles prohibited any subject of the Reich from entering the country, that privilege was restored by the late Monsieur Briand, during his reign at the Quai d'Orsay; and there is growing French nervousness at the prospect of renewed trade relations between Germany and the Protectorate—a prospect which it is surely fair to suppose the present German Government will hardly relinquish, if the subject should come up in any proposed revision of Moroccan economic policy, without some compensating advantage.

The position of the Spanish Government, the nearest neighbour, is more obscure. It must be clearly understood that the Spanish Government can only hold its North African possessions with the goodwill of France. Spanish administration has a long and inglorious record of muddle, defeat and bankruptcy in North Africa; she was only able to overcome the revolt of her own subjects in the Rif with French military assistance, and further south, in the Rio de Oro, she has never established more than a chain of military posts with a very precarious and limited hold over the country. During the last years of the Monarchy great efforts were made to open up the Spanish Zone, and much money spent, but such money must of its nature be a long-term investment and cannot bring quick returns, and such a policy to be effective must be continuous. The internal political position of Spain, however, has made such continuity out of the question; Spain is and must be occupied in putting her own house in order before she can undertake to play a predominant rôle elsewhere, and as things stand at present it is very unlikely that she would not ultimately find it advisable to agree to any policy in North Africa which was energetically pressed by her French neighbours, and it is just this agreement between France and Spain which Italy views with disquiet.

A point which further complicates the situation in Morocco is the international status of Tangier, the oldest

of all the European possessions on the North African coast (it was given to Charles II as part of the dowry of his Portuguese wife, Katherine of Braganza, but abandoned by the English Government to the Moors before the end of the seventeenth century). The Treaty of Versailles confirmed Tangier as an international port, with a few miles of country inland attached to it, and it is governed by a Council composed of all the Great Powers. Such government, involving as it does legal and administrative functionaries appointed by each of the Powers to represent their interests, and a special separate status for the native inhabitants, is highly complicated and consequently very costly. Tangier is continually on the point of bankruptcy, and the policy of France has in the past done little to improve the position. For to be prosperous Tangier must become, as her geographical position entitles her, a flourishing port; there is no natural harbour, but an open roadstead (the best on the Moorish coast) which affords anchorage for any tonnage, yet though the construction of a harbour has been planned and the work begun it goes on very slowly, and it can hardly be without significance that when it is completed the port of Tangier might compete on very favourable terms with Casablanca.

The policy of France is to be very vigilant, not only that her influence in Tangier itself carries its full weight and that interests inimical to her own do not gain the upper hand in the administration, but also that the advancement and prosperity of the international zone shall not encroach upon or militate against the advancement and prosperity of the Moroccan Protectorate. But though it may be to her advantage that Tangier should remain undeveloped, any suggestion that the status of Morocco should be modified must of necessity also involve the status of Tangier. Hitherto heavy duties as well as the unfinished state of the port works have prevented any considerable import trade; but Tangier, as an international zone, affords an opportunity for interests

possibly opposed to France to defend themselves, and it is unlikely that the opportunity will not be taken.

As to the means and methods employed by the French administration of the Moroccan Protectorate, they can only be an affair for France herself to settle with the Cherifian Government, though it would appear that considerable economy in the public services must be effected if the Budget is to be balanced, since four-fifths of the revenue of the country is absorbed by the expenses of administration and the interest on loans. But any attempt at alteration or modification of the Treaty of Algeciras will certainly have international repercussions which will be the concern of all the Great Powers, and such an attempt must inevitably come soon.

"Woman Wanders—the World Wavers"

or

Woman and the World-quake

By B. H. Liddell Hart

IN this age of labels, I can imagine that many readers will indignantly ask—"How dare a writer on war venture into the field of women? Let him stick to safer battlefields." In self-defence, I would make it clear that I did not choose the subject. It chose me.

To be exact, the male members of a certain historic debating society found a theme which, in their thought, needed expression—and then looked round for someone to voice it. I can only imagine that they chose me on the assumption, perhaps too generous, that a military reputation implied the courage necessary to tackle such a subject. Or, perhaps, it was because of the familiar association of the words—"war and women." I hope that their attempt to shift the shame, and blame, of such an offensive against the newly consolidated entrenchments of advancing women, became a boomerang, recoiling on their own heads. It must have done so, if I may judge by the fierceness of the feminist counter-attacks with which I was assailed. But subsequently I received such reinforcement from the non-vocal women members of the audience that I am emboldened to return to the charge—in print.

Like many men, I have spoken much, in private, upon the theme of woman. Sometimes, my heart has been too full for words—like other men, if unlike women. But when, like a good soldier, warned that it will be safer to go on than to go back, I faced the subject, I found myself momentarily barren of ideas.

In search of inspiration I resorted to the Encyclopædia Britannica. Found the page headed "Women." My eye caught the sentence—"They are shy and gentle,

though they can bite strongly when provoked." It seemed most apt. Yet a little peculiar in so grave a setting. Then I saw that I had struck the end of the article on "Wombats."

The real article seemed far less informing. Pages were filled with a recital of all the legal rights and privileges won for women in the recent past. Promise, surely, of great achievement. But where was the record of fulfilment? The few names that were cited were mainly those of women who had fought to gain these rights, or had taken a leading part in what is called the higher education of women. Creators of opportunity, certainly. But what else had been created? More exactly, what had been contributed—to the advancement of mankind and of thought?

I certainly read many figures. So many professions, so many callings, had been opened to women. So many women had passed the examinations admitting them to these professions. So many had been elected to public bodies. It looked a fine flowering—of *mediocre* talent. Figures, figures in abundance, but where were the outstanding figures? They seemed as flat, figuratively, as the modern fashionable figure.

Now I hold, that in the realm of thought, and in the realm of action, quantity counts for little compared with quality. That it is only the truly creative minds which vitally affect the growth of knowledge, and the progress of ideas. Likewise, in the realms of action, I believe that the course of history, and the destiny of mankind, has depended on outstanding individuals far more than it is the modern fashion to admit. By this I do not mean that all the great makers of history have been themselves great men. Quite as often, they, like the impersonal currents to which so much importance is attached, have been influenced by the ideas of others—ideas that came from some creative thinker. Hence the conclusion that the history of the world, if not entirely the history of its great men, is the history of its creative minds.

Is there any sign that this history is being enriched by the new opportunities opened to women? Is there any reason to think that it will be? For years past I have seen figures of the number of women who have taken up medicine, law, politics, journalism, business, etc. But where are the names of any who are outstanding in any of these fields?

I freely admit that they have met with prejudice, and that man's conservatism may have hindered their progress up the lower rungs of the ladder. But men who were different from the prevailing type, have always met with similar obstruction. I doubt whether an able woman to-day, stamped with the hall-mark of the "right" class, would meet with as great difficulties as the man who is an outsider. I am not underestimating the strength of prejudice. I deplore it. Prejudice, of all kinds, is, in my philosophy, the one thing worth hating, and worth fighting.

But would anyone seriously suggest that the prejudice against women, in the professions or in business, is comparable to the prejudice against Jews, in the past, or even in many lands to-day? Has it stopped them? They have risen superior to prejudices, *and* persecution, far worse than any feminist could adduce.

Another argument is that opportunity is still too recent, to provide a fair test. How far is this justified? Certainly the doors into a number of callings have only been open a short time. But the higher education of women, their preparation for opportunity, is not a matter of the last decade. It has been in progress for over half a century. Where are its fruits?

But the irrelevance of the time argument is shown by a simple comparison. For centuries past, women of the upper classes have had far more opportunity for self-culture than a poor man has even to-day. The limitations of their education have been as nothing compared with the disabilities which the depressed classes have suffered throughout history. Yet how much

genius has sprouted in so poor a soil! How much scholastic education did Shakespeare and Spenser, Bunyan and Burns, Faraday and Arkwright, George Stephenson and James Watt receive?

But why continue—the catalogue of poor *men*, even slaves, who have carved their names on history is endless. If this is no argument for denying the fullest chance of education, to those who show intellectual promise, it blows to smithereens the argument that the unfruitfulness of women in the creative fields of the intellect is due, or has been due, to the educational handicaps they have suffered.

It is these fields which offer the best test of value contributed to the world's progress. And it is these fields which afford the fairest test of woman's contribution. For here there are practically no limitations, save those that are innate, in the individual. You may say that there is a prejudice against giving appointments to women doctors. But that does not prevent a woman carrying out medical research. You may say that there is a prejudice against admitting women to Holy Orders. But that does not prevent a woman becoming a great theologian. You may say there is a prejudice against electing women to university chairs, but that does not prevent a woman writing a great work on history, philosophy, or economics—surely a field that should suit them. But where are the names of those who have done so?

Think what a field science offers, with its many branches, and its immense areas still to be explored. Yet, while the roll of great scientists is always growing, it would be hard to find a woman's name to include in it, save perhaps that of Madame Curie. And she belongs to an earlier generation.

This reflection raises a very significant point—that this age of opportunity has been more barren of female greatness than the past. In the newly-opened avenues it has certainly given us an Amy Johnson. If acclamation be a proof of greatness, she has a claim to figure among

the great. If achievement, realistically weighed, be the test, one is more doubtful. For has she done more than guide a machine perfected by men's brains, along a trail already blazed by men, and now furnished with aerodromes, at a faster pace than for the moment anyone else has done? A cynical moralist might say that fast women are no new phenomenon, and that in breaking speed records woman is merely translating into a new sphere her hereditary talent.

But, seriously, without detracting one bit from "Our Amy's" pluck and endurance, cool analysis reduces the significance of her feat to very small proportions. Courage and fortitude have never been lacking in women, even if the reality has sometimes been obscured by an artifice of fashion. But when women of to-day congratulate themselves on their superiority to the Victorian Miss, with her swoons and vapours, they betray a woeful ignorance of the courage shown, and the hardships borne, by countless women of the past, whether in the backwoods of America, or the remote garrisons of India. A mere comparison of her clothes with theirs should have sufficed to open their eyes! And recently by reviving her dances, such as the polka and the old-time waltz, these modern Amazons—as the sycophant Press is so fond of describing them—have had a chance of still more direct comparison, between her powers of endurance and theirs, as they subside exhausted, despite their lack of clothes, after doing for ten minutes what she apparently kept up all night.

But it is the intellectual, not the physical, attainment of modern woman that is most in question. For it is on this score that she has claimed to leave her traditional sphere.

Sixty years ago that doughty champion of women's opportunity, John Stuart Mill, was compelled to admit that: "No production in philosophy, science, or art, entitled to the first rank, has been the work of a woman." "They have not yet produced any of those great and

luminous new ideas which form an era in thought, nor those fundamentally new conceptions in art which open a vista of possible effects not before thought of, and found a new school."

Would he find any cause to alter his judgment now? Or adequate cause for satisfaction in the results of his campaign? But he would certainly have no just cause for surprise at the absence of new entries to the first rank. For the arts have always been open to women.

In his day, and before, women received far more encouragement than men to practise the arts. And more of them had the subsidized leisure to do so. Since his day, their opportunity has been still greater. In music and painting, certainly, many more women have received instruction than men. And what is the product?

Is there a single woman among the top flight of modern painters, sculptors, composers, or musicians? And how few women figure among the host who have risen to prominence. What was the majority, when *in statu pupillari*, has dwindled to an insignificant minority.

Turn to literature. Where in the far-stretching front rank of the poets are the figures of women? The shadowy Sappho perhaps clings to the far end. And near this end, in the second rank we may detect Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Christina Rossetti. But who has even lined up with them in the last half century? Equally void of women are now, as ever, the front ranks of drama and *belles lettres*.

It is only in novel-writing, the art of telling a story, that there has been an inrush of women—into the contemporary second rank. How far is this due to the fact that reproductive power plays such a great part in the art of the novel? And does not the addition of original thought explain the fact that the first rank is still filled by men? Jane Austen and the Brontës came closer to the first rank without the aid of higher education and modern opportunity.

Thus the evidence of man's inherent and unchanged

superiority in the arts is not a matter of opinion, but of remorseless facts. It is only in singing and acting, which are predominantly reproductive arts, that the number of gifted women bears comparison with those of men. But so it did in the past.

There is no reasonable cause of disappointment at the failure of women to fulfil their modern opportunity. Nor should there be reason for resentment at a statement of the unmistakable fact. For while the handicaps, supposed to have been imposed by man, are seen to have been of little account, and their removal to have made little difference, their removal *has* made clearer the real handicap—the handicap of sex, imposed by nature. It is no use to blame this on man.

For all the comparative evidence from historical experience that we have given is confirmed by the scientific evidence of modern biology. In its light the male is found to be the variable or progressive factor, while the female is the conservative. If I understand biologists aright, their investigations show that the male represents the katabolic element in nature, concerned with the expenditure of energy, while the female represents the anabolic, concerned with the conservation of energy. The predominantly katabolic nature of man explains his restless urge to adventure, not only in action, but in thought. The predominantly anabolic nature of woman explains not only her lack of originality, but the restfulness she affords to man, as the base from which he launches forth, the stable pivot of his operations. Man looks outward; woman inward.

We may thank the biologists for this scientific evidence, that men's doubts of woman's intellectual fitness to guide the world's progress are not merely a matter of male prejudice. But we really did not need it to convince our reason. It was an obvious conclusion from man's creative, and woman's reproductive share, in the basic, natural function.

What this does not explain is the new restlessness of

women, and their unnatural effort to intrude into man's sphere. In part it may be due to the quickened *tempo* of modern life, inevitably disturbing the rhythm. Still more may it be explained by the mixture of the male and female elements in each sex. For those women who have an abnormal proportion of the male in them are naturally inclined to have a masculine bias, in their own individual life-course, even though, consciously or unconsciously resenting their sex, they tend to nourish a resentment towards those who, by nature's decision, belong to the opposite sex.

Now a time of disturbance is, obviously, the opportunity of the plus-masculine women, to dominate the more placid majority of their sex, and impart their own bias. Add to this the fact that last century's development in the education of girls was in the hands of the sex-frustrated women of an age peculiarly hard on spinsters, and we seem to have a reasonable explanation of the so-called woman's movement—" he-woman " movement would perhaps be more accurate. One might say that hostilities were begun to extend neutrality!

What has this movement achieved? It has gained women the vote—in a system where the vote is ceasing to count. It has gained women access to a number of professions which are already overcrowded owing to the " black-coated current "—the drift of man from manual labour. It has gained women a nominal equality in a society where economic bondage has become more general.

But what has been achieved as a contribution to the progress of mankind? For this is the ultimate test. I cannot see any evidence that it has done more than yield a large quantity of what, with due respect, but also a due sense of proportion, is to be classified as *second-rate* talent. It has given scope to an increased number of human beings of mediocre ability—in an age which is suffering from a surfeit of mediocrity. I would say that a woman who by her taste in dress and grace of manner brings beauty into a drab world is making more contribu-

tion than the woman who fills a post that could be filled by an averagely intelligent man. The one may inspire a great poem; the other, only a news paragraph.

At what cost has this quantitative triumph been achieved?

I freely recognize the benefit it has brought to a good many women who found an inadequate outlet for their mental activity under the old system, and had not the philosophic resource to create their own. I count this enlargement a real gain—from the individual point of view.

But even in this respect there is a loss to set off against it. Pursuit of such an outlet has deprived many women of their chance of normal sex-satisfaction—by blinding them to its value until too late. Further, the over-crowding of the lower storeys of the different professions has made it more difficult for men to afford marriage, and so has reduced women's prospect of marriage.

But the ill-effect goes much wider. As when a pebble is dropped into a pond, the ripples are still spreading.

Let us glance first at the physical aspect. The vogue of the "flat-chested, crop-headed women of indeterminate sex," to quote a modern poet is due to the dominating influence of the plus-masculine woman. While only a small section of women attempt, or desire, to appear masculine in dress, the subtle influence of their outlook is to be traced in the adoption of the "straight line" fashions, which have for years been a refrain of the women's papers, many of whose staff, naturally, are plus-masculine women. That fashion in dress has in turn encouraged a flattening of the female figure, in violation of biological law, for female anabolism expresses itself in a tendency to store up fat, manifested in womanly curves that poets used to hymn. Thus the slimming, or more accurately flattening, fashion is far more unnatural than, for example, the Victorian tendency, which was merely to accentuate nature.

Its effects are seen not only in the question of child-

bearing, but in the host of women suffering from nervous diseases, and in the alarming increase of consumption in young women—an ironical reflection on their so-called healthy fashions.

Still more significant is its effect on marriage. Whether we like it or not, we cannot ignore the fact that sex-appeal is the mainspring of normal marriage. And the flattening of curves, as well as the diminution of clothes, are detrimental to sex-appeal—it is ironical that the phrase should have been coined just when the reality is waning. If you are not content to accept the evidence of history, let me quote Mr. Bernard Shaw: "One set of people seeks to minimize sex-appeal by the maximum of clothes, and the other to maximate sex-appeal by the minimum of clothes. As an expert I say that they are both hopelessly wrong. The only method of creating sex-appeal is by clothes. The woman of the nineteenth century was a masterpiece of sex-appeal from the crown of her head to the soles of her feet. Everything about her except cheeks and nose was a secret." Her contours, if well covered, were well emphasized.

Yet, while recognizing Mr. Bernard Shaw's insight, I think that he fails to bring out the spiritual appeal that the Victorian woman's dress possessed. For the amplitude of her spreading skirts and swelling bosom, set off by slender waist, conveyed that sense of restfulness which is biologically essential to the male. Here was the virtue of the crinoline lady. At the best, as portrayed by a Winterhalter, what a vision of tranquil beauty! At the worst, as in faded family daguerreotypes, what a sense of stability! It is in the loss of restfulness that the world has lost most. The domestic atmosphere is too charged with electricity, the base of action too unstable, for creative achievement. And that is due not merely to mechanization, the favourite whipping boy of the leader-writer, but to woman's pursuit of that mirage in the desert, emancipation. She cannot attain it, but she *can* unsettle man in the vain pursuit.

It was Mr. Bernard Shaw who, with his habitual candour towards causes he has supported, pointed out that—" Unless woman repudiates her womanliness, her duty to her husband, to her children, to society, to the law, and to everyone but herself, she cannot emancipate herself."

The harm, however, has not been caused by those who have purely selfish motives. " The path to hell," we know, " is paved with good intentions." We may observe this when we turn to the intellectual aspect.

I realize how galling must have been the silly patronage shown by stupid men towards women who ventured to intrude on subjects outside the domestic sphere. But that attitude is no less apparent in the gross adulation to-day of women's achievements, an attitude of " how wonderful they are " which may flatter the vanity of thoughtless women, but really puts them on the plane of performing monkeys. And I doubt whether such a contemptuous attitude was adopted to women as a whole by thinking men. In my study of history, as in my own experience, I have found that men of real intelligence are unconscious of sex in discussion, and treat other people, men or women, as on the same intellectual plane as themselves—unless and until the latter show their inability to stay on this plane.

But the difference between the past and the present is that to-day innumerable women, with half-baked minds, take advantage of the new position to judge matters of reason while keeping the divine right of femininity as a supreme court of appeal.

The just claim of thoughtful women for their contribution to be taken seriously, has been taken up by a mass of instinctive women who have no desire to exercise their minds, but are ever ready to extend their acquisitiveness. Intoxicated by the new sense of equality, which to them means a doubled state of privilege, they run riot among the possessions arduously won by reason, and overturn its values.

The consequence is seen in a lowering of standards, and a submergence of the best. Most thoughtful people are conscious of the decline. Few realize its main cause. Yet to see it exemplified we have only to turn to our Press and our literature. The circulation of both has been immensely increased in recent years—by women. But for one woman who has been added to the students of world affairs and to the readers of good literature, a score at least have come to swell the demand for spicy news and trashy novels.

What is the result? The newspapers that meet this demand most recklessly gain the largest circulations, and continue to grow in proportion as they feed the appetite for sensation and society gossip—about people whose claim to attention consists in their futility. The few weightier organs that survive have to bow to the prevailing tendency, and brighten their pages by cutting down the space given to important questions of the day, in order to include articles that "will appeal to women" —the supreme court of appeal.

In literature the effect has been to make the novel the main channel of expression; almost the sole one except for a new form of biography which isolates "the man," or rather his parlour tricks, from the work in which he expressed himself. In view of the way that great men have sunk themselves in their creative work, it would be difficult to conceive anything more unreal, or more distasteful to the subject himself, than this gossip-column form of biography. But it should really be considered a by-product of the all-absorbing novel, and be entered in that debit account. For the mass production of the novel has diminished the market for history, reduced *belles lettres* to poverty, and made poetry, long regarded as the highest form of literary art, almost unsaleable. This state of affairs has in turn reacted on the Press, which has been led not only to diminish its attention to serious literature, but to fictionalize its presentation of news. A vicious circle.

If there is some consolation in the vogue that a number of good novels enjoy, their circulation as a whole does not compare with that of pure trash—in which market women readers vastly predominate. The optimistic view that their taste will gradually improve has only hope to support it, while the warning that highly-spiced foods spoil the palate, and that the bad drives out the good, has experience behind it.

The debasement of taste is only one aspect of a retrogression that, if not wholly due to what is called feminism, has significantly coincided with its progress. We have also to fear a handicap in creative power, caused both by friction and by domestic inefficiency. Genius needs a stable pivot, creative thought is aided by a springboard. Nothing can supply the need as well as a sympathetic woman. If that sympathy is lacking, the world will suffer. This is true equally of the humbler forms of man's activity.

What do we see to-day? A widespread friction that can be detected in the divorce lists, if its full extent, and the true measure of its damage, can be better gauged by personal observation of marriages, even comparatively successful marriages, where the working efficiency of the man is reduced both by direct friction and by excessive, if often unconscious, claims to expenditure of money and time, which can be traced to the feminist movement; to the sense of new rights without a new sense of duties that it has inspired in the instinctive woman.

Too often the rapid change of status, for which she was intellectually unprepared, has changed her from a giver into a taker. To-day is the heyday of the parasitic woman. The advertisement columns of any newspaper provide ample testimony. No one, I find, is becoming more conscious of this menace than the thoughtful woman. Yet she, by her individually justifiable if short-sighted claims, is responsible for having paved the way to their immense abuse.

It is often suggested that education will cure this evil. Personally I doubt it, if education in the scholastic sense be intended. From causes that have a biological explanation, academically intelligent girls often relapse after marriage into complete mental inertia, and become the purest parasites. I call to mind the wives who are a drag upon two of the most gifted men I have known; two women who are among the stupidest I know, utterly devoid of intellectual interests, yet who both graduated in honours.

Again, there is no more ironical reflection upon feminine education of the recent past than the domestic amateurishness that we see and hear so much about to-day—from observant women, especially. As a cold douche to those who pin their faith to modern education it is only rivalled by the common experience of hearing a woman utter decided views upon political economy with a smattering of knowledge, while scorning the easier and more practical opportunities to make a thorough study of domestic economy. How many wives are content to assume that instinct and practice—at others' cost—will suffice for house-keeping? How many, even of the best, have ever treated it as a scientific branch of knowledge, to be pursued like any other study, by diligent reading and reflection, as well as practice?

Yet a well-managed home, economically run, is the foundation upon which a man works, and upon which he will achieve the best work, provided also that sympathy permeates the atmosphere.

We are often offered the specious consolation that the present is a transition age, and are invited to suffer patiently so that later generations may benefit by the evolution of a "higher woman." I confess to finding it a cheerless prospect—for the present generation. But also a doubtful prospect for our successors. For it appears to me that there are logical grounds to question this popular assumption, and to infer that the situation

is more likely to change for the worse—in an intellectual sense; to reduce the relative value of woman's intellectual contribution, and of her judgment, compared with the present.

To-day the preceptiveness, sensitiveness, and sympathy of an intelligent woman often make her judgment fairer, and more in accord with reason, than that of many prejudiced or dull-minded men. But of two difficulties, there is surely more hope of improving man's reasoning power than of altering woman's fundamental nature—the influence of her body on her mind. For the first demands that man makes a better use of his reason, and develops an inherent intellectual capacity, due to the superior ratio of cerebrum to cerebellum in his case; while the second demands a radical alteration in the physical structure of the brain, as well as a change in the part played by her reproductive organs—which would be a very ominous change for the human race.

Education seems a frail bark upon the turbulent seas of the present, a poor hope to cling to, for a civilization so close to shipwreck. I see far more hope in the re-emergence of the normal woman. And I see this happening all around me in the rising generation of women, the girls of to-day. Instinct seems to be warning them of the joys they are forfeiting, the risks they are courting through the changes wrought by the previous generations. Instinct, if not reason, tells them that marriage is not only the profession where their own desire for expression finds the fullest satisfaction—but that it is an institution made *for* woman, giving her both an influence and a hold on man that suits her purpose infinitely more than it suits man's. She would be the loser every time if it was replaced by a looser tie.

Thus it is to the warning of instinct rather than the persuasion of reason that we may look for a restoration of stability. It is the girl of to-day and to-morrow who is most likely to change, for the better, the state which

that unhappy poet, and type of the present, D. H. Lawrence, lamented in the words :—

"Why are women so energetic ?
Prancing their knees under their tiny skirts
Like war-horses—or war-ponies at least !
Why are they so centrifugal?
Why are they so bursting, flinging themselves about?
Why are they never happy to be still?
Why did they cut off their long hair
Which they could comb by the hour in luxurious quiet? "

Since he wrote, the skirts have begun to lengthen—one symbol of tranquillity revived. The hair may follow. And voices may grow less shrill as souls grow more restful.

Then, once again, woman may become the essential complement of man, instead of his inferior, panting rival in the unequal race. For unless she is his complement in something more than the sexual act, we accuse nature of having no purpose in the creation of two sexes. This purpose recognized, woman may once again fill, and fulfil, her historic rôle, to mankind's benefit—and progress. For by the sympathy and comfort she alone can give man's restless spirit, she has balanced and supported him in his long and slow ascent, so often slipping back, yet recovering, and pressing on. If reason has been man's guide, woman has been the foothold from which he has climbed higher. Or, if you will, the stable pivot from which his offensive into the unknown has been developed.

Here, in this final reflection, there is perhaps a justification for a student of war to write on women. For no one knows better than a strategist the vital importance of a secure base, and of a protective disposition, for the conduct of any operation. And no one appreciates better that the part played by the troops who make the victory possible is equally honourable with that of the troops who execute the actual offensive.

All the Circumstances of the Case

By Frank Elliott, C.B.

IT is a great temptation for a new Minister on taking office to make changes in the routine of his department. Perhaps this is all to the good. What suited a former generation may now be out of date, and a fresh mind coming from outside can notice where house-cleaning is required better than can the permanent residents of the house. However, I hope that the Foreign Office, when writing to His Majesty's representatives abroad, still uses the stately ending: " with great truth and regard, your most obedient, humble servant "; and that, in the department of which I once had first-hand knowledge, the brief minute " Refuse " on a file is still translated into: " the Secretary of State regrets that, after careful consideration of all the circumstances of the case, he is unable, consistently with his public duty . . ." There is a fine matured flavour, like vintage port old in bottle, in these old-fashioned phrases, however unsuitable they may be deemed for high-speed modern commercial or social correspondence.

All those who enjoy detective novels know that the successful building up of a good story depends on all the circumstances not being at first available, or on at least one appearing so trivial or unconnected that its significance is not appreciated. In other words, there is not at first the combination of (*a*) all the circumstances of the case, and (*b*) careful consideration which weighs their correct value.

This ideal combination, needed for arriving at correct decisions in all paths of life, is specially desirable in police work. Disappointing as it may be to fail, on the evidence available, to bring a crime home to the criminal, it is infinitely worse to suspect that a wrong appreciation of the evidence may have led to the conviction of an innocent person.

There is no better method of instructing junior ranks than the use of concrete examples. Best of all is the example drawn from outside life in which the laugh is against the instructor himself. Here are some examples which I have found useful in pointing the moral.

One February, an old lady who had passed the span of four score years, knowing that I was going out to Switzerland, asked me if I could manage to visit a certain graveyard where her brother, a famous Alpine climber killed in the middle of last century, was buried, and report if the grave was kept in decent order. I promised to do this, and in due course collected a party of friends to go with me, for it meant a journey of many hours on skis over the mountains, which is a thing that no man in his senses would undertake alone in winter. We reached our destination, but failed in our object, for I had overlooked the simple fact that at that time of year the graveyard must be buried deep in snow.

Another homely incident, of which one of my fellow ski-runners was the hero, was also a useful example. He was very tall, and his feet were large in proportion, and he found it impossible to buy ready-made boots in London big enough to fit him. So he was measured for some, over four pairs of socks. Mr. Frank Smythe, of Everest fame, is my authority for saying that nowadays ski-boots are made of such good leather that leakage from melting snow is not to be feared. But not many years ago most of us who ventured above the 10,000-feet line in winter thought it necessary to wear three or four pairs of socks so as to exclude the danger of frostbite. When my friend tried on his boots they seemed a comfortable and roomy fit. But on his first day in Switzerland, when we were about to start for a run, he came to me in despair to announce that his boots were so tight that he could not wear them with comfort, and he must hurry out to the village to try to buy another pair. They looked so enormous that I could not understand any foot being cramped in them. I put my hand into one, to see if any

foreign body had intruded, and it encountered a two-ounce tin of tobacco. He had packed a tin in each boot and forgotten about it. A simple lesson not to despair before the situation is proved to be desperate.

One of the most striking official examples I used was the following :—

In the early stages of the Great War, the Admiralty was the department charged with the defence of London from air attack. Aeroplanes sent up at night just before war was declared reported that one prominent feature observed was the long lanes of light created by the powerful head-lamps of motor-cars. Therefore the first Lights Order, made immediately after the war began, prohibited the use of " powerful lamps " on motor-cars. How could police and magistrates know what constituted a " powerful lamp "? Clearly, some working definition was needed. So I asked a representative of the Royal Automobile Club and my liaison officer at the Admiralty to come and discuss it. We decided that, until we got a better definition, we should treat as " powerful " any lamp throwing a beam of 30 yards or more along the road. The magistrates accepted this definition. But we soon found that it was bad. A beam that was less than 30 yards when roads were dry exceeded that limit when the roads were wet with rain. And yet the beam was of less importance in the latter case, because Zeppelins only came over in fine weather.

Sir Edward Henry asked me to send for Superintendent (later Chief Constable) Bassom, and he told him to try and work out some better formula, such as the legibility of a certain type of print at a certain distance. Bassom went down to the shooting range at the Yard, an ideal place for a test, because it was situated in the bowels of the earth and no ray of natural light could penetrate there. Very soon he returned, and reported that he had found a formula which he thought would serve. Sir Edward and I and two officers from the Admiralty went with him to the range, and agreed that the formula did,

indeed, seem to meet our needs. It was then very late in the evening, and I told Sir Edward that it was no good taking the formula to the Home Office then, and I should have a chance of giving it a practical test in the open before I went to the Home Office next morning. "Why do you want another test?" he asked. To which I replied that I had no special reason, except that "I'm from Missouri," an American phrase which always amused him, and which implies a healthy scepticism, or at least a desire to apply any possible trial before buying a pig in a poke. However satisfactory a laboratory test may appear, there is never anything to be lost, and often something to be gained, by trying it out under working conditions.

We took it in turns to do night duty at the Yard, and I was on duty that night. At midnight I told my driver to bring my car to the Horse Guards' Parade, a place which I selected because there were no street lamps to confuse the issue. The car had very weak side-lamps, and I thought I would experiment with these before I tried the head-lamps. I had a portion of the *Westminster Gazette*, printed in the prescribed type, and I paced out the prescribed number of yards. I found to my surprise that I could read the type. I then walked another ten yards away, and I could still read it. Suddenly enlightenment came. I called to my driver, "Put out your lamps." He did so, and I could still read just as well. We had forgotten the moon! So after all I did not pay my promised visit to the Home Office next morning.

In this instance all the circumstances of the case had been carefully considered, except one which vitiated the whole. If on that particular night the moon had been new, or in her last quarter, that one circumstance would have been overlooked and we should have been committed to a very unfortunate error.

As soon as war broke out, reports about enemy spies came pouring into the Yard. All my friends and acquaintances brought their stories to me, and I passed them on

to Sir Basil Thomson. I received hundreds of such reports. None of them led to a firing squad, or even to a trial, but all the informants meant well. At this length of time I may confess that the stories were every one based on the flimsiest foundation.

Here is a fair sample. A lady, whom I knew to be a person of sound common sense, came to me and said she was much disturbed by information given her the previous evening by her Italian butler. He had come home late, and explained that this was due to a terrible experience at a small, but well-known, hotel. He had gone to visit a friend who was on the staff of the hotel, and in the servants' sitting-room he had encountered a number of German and Austrian chauffeurs all engaging in strafing England.

I asked Sir Basil for the services of a C.I.D. officer to send down to the lady's house and take a statement in writing from the butler.

When his story was reduced to writing, it had shrunk considerably in importance. It appeared that he had not been inside the hotel for three years, but that he had once been employed in the kitchen there. The combination of the two facts that the work had been very hard and the wages very low convinced him that the chef must have been a German.

That was an instance where "careful consideration" disposed of all the "circumstances" and left nothing behind. But there was another where the *ex parte* evidence was pretty good. The Admiralty reported to me that someone on the Lambeth side of the river was engaged night after night in sending morse signals with a red lamp. The signals made good sense, and the fact that they seemed to be innocuous did not in the least render them less suspicious. I asked them to take cross-bearings of the position that evening and to send me a decode of the messages, if any were received. At the same time I asked a friend who was engaged in anti-aircraft work on Lambeth Bridge to keep a record of the

messages sent that night in signal practice. Next morning the cross-bearings took me to a large red lamp, not in use, outside a doctor's house, and the suspicious signals from that direction coincided with the messages sent from Lambeth Bridge. The simple solution was that the red globe caught the signals and reflected them back to Westminster.

Sir Edward Henry used to go regularly to lunch at the Athenæum until shortly after the outbreak of war. He then gave up the practice, and took to lunching in his room at the Yard, because he was placed in an awkward position by members asking him questions upon highly confidential matters. I myself was not so embarrassed, because it was easier for me in a humbler capacity to profess an engaging ignorance.

One day in the summer of 1915, he looked into my room and said he was tired of the office lunch, and asked me to go to the club with him, where we could sit at a secluded table for two. But I did not lunch with him after all. As we entered, a scientist of world-wide reputation, whom I will call " A," came up to him and said he had a matter of prime importance to put before him. So I retired, and sat with friends at another table.

After lunch, Sir Edward asked me to walk back with him. He then told me what the conversation had been about. " A " had said that he had reported to the Government that there was good reason to believe that in future air-raids the Germans would not use only explosive or incendiary bombs, but bombs containing a certain lethal drug, which on falling would liberate enough poison to kill thousands instead of units.

Sir Edward took me into his room, and with his own hand he wrote out a notice, to be printed at once and posted throughout the Metropolitan area. It referred to a notice issued early in the year advising members of the public in the event of an air raid to take refuge in houses so as to be out of the way of falling fragments of the shells that might be fired at enemy aircraft; and it

went on to advise persons thus taking refuge to keep all windows and doors on the lower floors closed, so as to prevent the admission of deleterious gases.

Shortly after, I had a visit from an old friend of Cambridge days, the late Sir Walter Fletcher, who was a member of a War Committee of the Royal Society upon physiological questions. He asked for an interview with the Commissioner on the subject of this notice, and Sir Edward saw him at once.

Fletcher confirmed what we had already heard, that "A's" information about the Germans' intention was ill-founded, and that his deductions about the effect of the hypothetical bombs were based on a mathematical error. What were the rights and wrongs of this we never learned for certain, though I have heard it said that his calculations went wrong by misplacing a decimal point; and that, if this one circumstance of the case had been carefully considered, the subject would never have been broached at all.

But Fletcher was also concerned, on behalf of the Royal Society, with one unexpected result of the notice. It had led to the sale of an enormous number of respirators to the public, which were either useless, or dangerous, or both. Not only was this to be deprecated because of the waste of money and the diversion of labour which was needed in other directions, but also, in the highly improbable event of poison bombs being dropped, people would be better advised to trust to the ventilating power of the atmosphere to prevent any dangerous concentration of gas. If for some special reason this did not happen, the proper counsel for the public was to escape at once from the danger area. To remain and put on a respirator, which *ex hypothesi* was probably useless, might be fatal.

He pointed out that any analogy from the trenches was false. There the troops must remain and face the gas. If they had not to remain in the trenches, the proper thing would be to run away.

Pressure was put upon the manufacturers to dis-

continue making these respirators for home use, and the scare soon died away.

My daughter was at school in the London area, and she and all the other girls had been supplied with respirators by the school authorities. I took advantage of my friendship to ask Fletcher for his opinion on my daughter's respirator. He had it tested, and reported to me that, when dry, it was found to be totally useless; when wet, it admitted no air, and caused asphyxiation. It was in fact " a complete fraud," not that any fraud was intended, because " no doubt the maker and the seller and the purchaser had all a pathetic belief in the thing's efficacy."

An example of a case where our plans went awry because of a fact which we never knew nor could have been expected to know, occurred during the transport strike of 1921. The omnibuses having been withdrawn from service, the Government hastily organized a fleet of lorries, fitted with planks for seats, to work the omnibus routes. We undertook to have the lorries marked on their sides with route numbers and destination, which we had printed on large posters ready for pasting on.

The lorries were all duly parked in the yards of a large number of convenient police stations on the evening before the scheme was to be put into operation. Bassom, who was one of the most zealous and efficient officers who ever belonged to the Force, refused to delegate the distribution of the posters to any junior, so keen was he on the success of the scheme, but spent the whole night in driving from station to station, handing in the appropriate posters to each, and instructing the officers in charge to have paste and brushes ready to fix them on early next morning.

Within an hour of the lorries beginning to work on their lawful occasions, not one of them possessed a poster. The authorities providing the lorries, wishing them to start out nice and clean, had had them all washed down with a dash of paraffin mixed in the water, and this

mixture effectively counteracted the adhesive qualities of the paste.

A case which was good on paper but which proved a disappointment, in fact, concerned the erection of the Cenotaph in Whitehall. An offer was made to the Government to provide rubber paving in its vicinity, so that it should be surrounded by an area of peace, free from traffic noises. The type of rubber paving which was laid down did not stand up to the strain of traffic, and after continuous tinkering it had to be removed, and wood paving was restored. But the chief disappointment lay in the fact that the rubber seemed to make no appreciable difference in the traffic noise, which arose not from the contact of wheels with the road, but from the engines and other component parts of motor vehicles.

There were numerous examples I drew from the point of view of the criminal, but they are not of any general interest. The mere fact that a criminal is caught shows that he has not given sufficient consideration to one circumstance or other. But I may mention two cases which are out of the ordinary run.

Visitors who have been privileged to see the " Black Museum " at Scotland Yard may perhaps remember a gruesome little jar containing a finger in spirits. The finger wears a ring. The owner of both was a burglar who thought that he had carefully considered all the circumstances of an intended burglary, including a way of retreat over a high gate in the event of an alarm. But he overlooked the one fact that his ring might catch in a spike on the top of the gate. Catch it did, as he dropped down on the other side, and he left ring and finger behind him. To make matters worse, his finger-prints were recorded at the Yard, and so the little thing he left behind him led to his prompt apprehension.

The last example recalls the unhappy time, thirteen years ago, when one rarely opened a newspaper without reading of brutal murders in Ireland. The friends of the murder gangs were not idle in England, and one of

their enterprises was an attack of a number of armed men on a great oil depot in London. Their object was to set the whole on fire. These men followed the faulty logic of those who maintain that, because all fox-terriers are dogs, therefore all dogs must be fox-terriers. To them paraffin was oil, and therefore all oil blazed like paraffin. But fortunately the oil there was crude oil and their utmost endeavours failed to set it alight.

Robert Browning puts the lesson in poetical form, in a quatrain containing one of his audacious rhymes :—

> " Image the whole, then execute the parts—
> Fancy the fabric
> Quite, ere you build, ere steel strike fire from quartz,
> Ere mortar dab brick ! "

If one drops a brick too many, the fabric may turn out very different from one's fancy.

All these examples have a bearing on the important question of weighing the value of circumstantial evidence. The best kind of evidence is naturally that of the truthful and impartial eye-witness. But in cases of major crime an eye-witness is rarely available, and the prosecution must rely on circumstantial evidence. It is always open to the defence to make play with the assertion that on such evidence it is unsafe to condemn a prisoner who maintains his innocence. But judges from time to time explain to juries that if one cannot decide without the evidence of eye-witnesses a large proportion of criminals would escape punishment; and circumstantial evidence has the great advantage that circumstances cannot lie, whereas witnesses can and do.

Only it must be borne in mind by every policeman that, although circumstances cannot lie, they can, if studied superficially, convey that half-truth which may lead him further astray than a direct untruth. For this reason it is vital for the cause of justice that he should devote himself to " careful consideration of all the circumstances of the case."

Sex and Art

By Clifford Bax

PSYCHO-ANALYSIS would never have become so popular, as it once was, if it had not emphasized the importance of sexual instinct. We had known by experience how greatly our lives were affected by that instinct, but we were now able at last to understand why humanity should always have been so intensely interested in "sex." "Small wonder" we thought, "seeing that, according to this new philosophy, sex is the basis of all our emotions and perhaps of all our actions too."

I sometimes think that we might go further and say that "sex" is our world's particular form of a duality which is in the essence of the universe. I turn to a brilliant book by an American architect, and I find there the nucleus round which I want to range a few suggestions. On page 24 of "The Beautiful Necessity" Mr. Claude Bragdon says "the English words 'masculine' and 'feminine' are too intimately associated with the idea of physical sex properly to designate the terms of this polarity. In Japanese philosophy and art the two are called In and Yo (In, feminine, Yo, masculine), and these little words, being free from the limitations of their English correlatives, will be found convenient, Yo to designate that which is simple, direct, primary, active, positive; and In, that which is complex, indirect, derivative, passive, negative." He adds that "things hard, straight, fixed, vertical, are Yo; things soft, curved, horizontal, fluctuating, are In, and so on."

If we want to grasp this idea we must not think of the soft, the curved, the fluctuating, as qualities which are feminine, but, rather, of whatever is actually feminine as being, like any of these qualities, a manifestation of In. Yo and In are principles which form, as it were, the fundamental duality upon which the universe is built, and masculine and feminine are merely sub-divisions.

With this idea to orient us we can very soon see how quaint were some of the pronouncements of psycho-analysis. When the analyst interpreted our dreams—or,

rather, the much more peculiar dreams to which Central European persons seem to be liable—he ascribed a sexual meaning to every straight or curved object. The Central European, in fact, could not dream of a pen-holder without revealing an incestuous passion for or against his unfortunate father; and if he dreamed of a cup or a corridor, he was held to be hankering for his mother.

If, though, everything must be either In or Yo, the image of a pen-holder or of a cup may have no masculine or feminine significance whatsoever. Again, if masculine and feminine are only our particular forms of those two principles, we should be odd indeed if we were not so greatly interested, as most of us are, in "sex," and the puritan is a blockhead when he blames us for being so.

II.

Only an English divorce-judge could be so ignorant of life as to assert that if a man is known to have consorted sexually with women he could not have any tendency toward homosexuality. Most of us have realized the truth which is so firmly stated by Berman in "The Glands Regulating Personality." "There is" he writes "no absolute masculine or absolute feminine" and "when we speak of the feminine, we really mean the predominantly feminine: and when we speak of the masculine, we mean the mainly masculine. Between, all sorts of transitions are possible and occur."

In these days we are willing to leave in peace the over-feminine man or the over-masculine woman. Indeed, we should be sorry for them, as we are for a hunchback or for any other blunder of nature, if they did not so often proclaim themselves to be the flower of the race. Few people will deny that a man should be "mainly masculine," a woman "predominantly feminine," but it is of course difficult to determine the extent to which a perfect man, for example, would contain feminine characteristics. That he neither can nor should be entirely masculine, we may take for granted: but if this is true of a man it is likely to be true also of a work of art. Beethoven, I am

told, said that music should always combine the two sexual qualities. I want to suggest that we can develop the idea which Beethoven divined; say, even, that all masterpieces contain approximately the same proportions of Yo and In; and discover that it is a deficiency of one or of the other which has prevented a great many excellent works from attaining supreme rank and therefore from holding the affection of humanity from generation to generation.

III.

Let us first apply the idea to literature. How ought we to assess the work of the three Athenian tragic dramatists? Well, harmonious development having been the instinctive aim of the Athenians, we do not find many instances in Greek art of oddness or ill-balance. For this reason the sex-factors in the work of Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides do not markedly differ. Most people, however, would probably agree that Aeschylus is the most emphatically masculine, that Euripides manifests considerably more feminine quality, and that Sophocles is a perfect example, as Plato is, of masculinity tempered but not debilitated by the attributes of In. To suggest that Euripides was actually effeminate would be absurd. His work, though, has certainly not the "simplicity, directness and positiveness" of Aeschylus: and it is probably significant that Euripides has been regarded as an early feminist, and that his vogue in London culminated during the most vigorous period of the feminist movement.

Who, again, are the outstanding dramatists, of our own most splendid age? Jonson, Shakespeare and Fletcher. And why has time so definitely pronounced that of these the greatest is Shakespeare? Is there anyone who does not recognise the marked masculinity of Jonson? The man himself seems to have belonged to the positive, dominating type, and to have been more concerned to stamp an impression upon his companions than to absorb impressions from the personalities around him. The over-feminization of Fletcher's work, on the contrary, is shown even by his tendency to write lines with endings

which, aptly enough, are called " weak " or " feminine." But is there anyone who will claim that Shakespeare's work is too gentle or that it is not gentle enough ? Hundreds of passages—for instance, in *Hamlet*, *King Lear*, *Troilus* and *Othello*—show that he could be as vigorous, direct, simple and positive as any writer who ever lived; and hundreds of delicate or tender passages prove that his nature, unlike Ben Jonson's, had no deficiency of In. Only a man in whom both Yo and In were highly developed could have stretched his imagination from *A Midsummer Night's Dream* to *King Lear*.

If we turn to the Russian novelists of the nineteenth century we shall find another trio to illustrate the idea which we are considering. The extreme force, the violence, the gigantic effects of Dostoievsky proclaim him at once an over-masculine writer. The sensibility, grace and spring-like quality of Turgenev, despite the beautiful shapeliness which the masculine part of his nature imposed upon everything which he wrote, sets him just as clearly among those authors who are fine rather than forceful. And once again there is a third contemporary—Tolstoy—of whom it would be rash to say that he was deficient in either delicacy or power.

Among other writers who had not enough In I would cite Milton (notwithstanding that at Cambridge he was known as " the lady "), Dryden, Fielding, Dr. Johnson, Emily Brontë, George Eliot and Bernard Shaw. In the opposite group—of those who had not enough Yo, or who did not use it—I should include Spenser, Richardson, Tennyson, William Morris and most women-writers.

No one, I take it, will dispute that Dante is in the supreme rank, but many people might feel, at first thought that in the *Divina Commedia* there is an excess of Yo. This impression is due to the fact that the harsh *Inferno* is much better known than the lovely and luminous *Paradiso*. If we remember the *Vita Nuova* we shall realize at once that, in youth, Dante had certainly as much of the feminine virtues as any poet needs; and although Milton's puritanical principles may have frost-bitten his

innate sensuousness, the disappointments of Dante's life merely added the stiffening which transformed him from a troubadour into a poet who was completely equipped.

In Keats and Byron we have poets who are of much interest from our present point of view. Dozens of critics have commented upon the too great sweetness and the absence of backbone in "Endymion" and in most of Keats's earlier work. Even in the Odes there is still, perhaps, a slight excess of In, but "Hyperion" and the best of his letters prove plainly that Keats had rich reserves of masculinity, and suggest that in time he might have achieved a perfect fusion of In and Yo. Byron, on the other hand, seems rarely, if ever, to employ the two sides of his nature at the same time. Much of "Childe Harold" and many of his lyrics are weakened by sentimentality, self-pity and diffuseness, but "Don Juan," which he wrote with that part of himself which was a Regency buck, is, at least in my judgment, lopsidely masculine.

Where, then, shall we find authors, other than Sophocles, Plato, Dante, Shakespeare and Tolstoy, who manifest In and Yo in ideal proportions? I would submit the names of Chaucer, Jane Austen, Dickens, Browning (a little doubtfully), the later Coventry Patmore and Thomas Hardy. Anyone better qualified to judge than I am would presumably add to these the name of Goethe. It is nothing that we cannot greatly relish the work of, say, Jane Austen or Dickens. There, indisputably, we shall find Yo and In, force and tenderness, sense and sensibility in beautiful proportion: and it was for this reason, I surmise, that Tennyson said of Jane Austen that she was, on her smaller scale, "as perfect as Shakespeare." As for Patmore, he is another instance of the artist who begins by lacking Yo (as in "The Angel in the House") and who ends (as in "The Unknown Eros") by remedying his defect.

IV.

If intelligent lovers of music were required to name the three greatest of all composers, a large majority would

vote, I fancy, for Bach, Beethoven and Wagner. Bach is almost entirely masculine—in so far as he is not neutral and abstract. If he is destined to retain his present eminence in the world's opinion, then we should have to admit that supreme greatness can, after all, exist without the presence of the feminine virtues. Bach, however, has occupied his present lofty position only for a short time; and it is at least possible that he will ultimately be, like Milton, more honoured than beloved. Beethoven and Wagner are perhaps perfect examples of rightly-proportioned sex-factors.

Schumann, Weber, Chopin, Liszt, Tschaikovsky, and, above all, Debussy, are composers who have, in varying degrees, a clear excess of In. Berlioz, on the other hand, might be more satisfactory if he had been less masculine; and in the later Sibelius we see, I think, another example of this defect. He seems to have begun by having a typically romantic overweight of sensibility and only in the course of years to have developed virility at some cost of grace and charm. Richard Strauss, on the contrary, has developed from Yo to In. The schoolgirlish sentimentality of "Arabella" is a strange autumnal blooming of the genius which once composed "Don Quixote" and "Ein Heldenleben." And Mozart? Well, to my ear most of his music is sexually neutral and has, like the draughtsmanship of Raphael, a kind of chill perfection. Most musicians probably feel that, on balance, he had rather more of In than of Yo.

V.

As a further illustration of this idea, let us briefly consider a few of the most famous painters. The reader is unlikely to concur with all my assessments, but I believe that he will agree with most of them. At the masculine end of the spectrum I should place, in order of extreme masculinity, Dürer, Holbein, El Greco and Michael Angelo. At the feminine end, beginning with the most feminine, I should place Perugino, Luini, Bellini and Rubens. Rubens? Yes, for in spite of his tremendous

vitality, he is surely no lover of straight lines or of simplicity. Leonardo is, if anything, too feminine. That highly developed intellect serves only to sterilize the sensuous beauty of his work. It does not supply the need for Yo, but it does undoubtedly save Leonardo from sinking to the sugariness of his imitators. Raphael's painting, as I see it, is even more sexless than Leonardo's, and this effect is due, I believe, to an almost complete absence of either masculine or feminine feeling. That, perhaps, is why a woman-artist said to me lately " Raphael is a eunuch."

And lastly I propose as painters who achieved the right ratio of the masculine to the feminine Pinturicchio, Giorgione, Veronese, Turner and, first among all of them, Titian. To this we might add, if the hour were late and the idea beginning to go to our heads, that Dutch painting is usually too masculine and French painting too feminine.

VI.

The reader will be growing tired of these personal assessments, and for that reason I shall refrain from commenting upon the work of three living English sculptors—Gill, Epstein and Dobson—and will risk still more disagreement by saying that the present tendency in both poetry and painting, though perhaps not in music, is emphatically toward the over-masculine. Young people for the most part, regard as merely insipid that smooth and reposeful beauty which was the aim of most Victorian poets and painters. They do not perceive that their admiration and pursuit of whatever is hard, violent, abrupt and energetic has caused them to over-balance in the opposite direction.

From this tendency, however, our Jeremiahs ought to derive some comfort. No period of decadence has been marked by an excess of masculinity. We need only to think of the 'nineties, or of the invertebrate sweetness which characterizes Italian painting in the seventeenth century, or of that riot of curves and complexity which is the salient feature of baroque or rococo architecture.

How complicated and "indirect," too, are the Restoration comedies by comparison with the robust and simple outlines of Elizabethan drama. . . .

If it is true that decadence is always accompanied by an excess of the In qualities, we shall be justified in suspecting that it is better to have too much Yo than too much In, just as it is better at breakfast to have too much coffee than too much milk. From this, again, we might progress to the notion that in a supreme masterpiece there will be more Yo than In. Thinking of Sophocles, Plato, Dante, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Titian, Beethoven and Wagner, the reader will agree, I imagine, that the strength in their work predominates over the sweetness; and for my part I would suggest that a supreme masterpiece contains the masculine and the feminine qualities in approximately the proportion of six to four.

But this, the reader may protest, is to offer a recipe for the production of supreme works of art. In a sense, it is. We must remember, though, that a rightly-balanced work can come only from a rightly-balanced nature. It is certainly possible for an artist, as it is for anyone else, consciously to encourage a side of his nature which is under-developed, but at present we cannot modify our natural equipment to any large extent. And, finally, I would not be thought to suppose that an artist in whom the sex-factors are rightly proportioned will necessarily produce masterpieces. He requires, of course, a great many other "gifts." I do suggest, however, that all supreme works will be found to contain the two sexual qualities in something like the proportion of six to four, and that, without this harmony, no other merits can bring a work of art into the category of supreme human achievements.

A Countryman's Diary

By A. G. Street (Author of "Farmer's Glory")

July 18th.

THUNDERSTORMS everywhere except in this district. The clouds seem to roll all around the Wylye valley but we get no rain. Yet even a few miles away the state of some good corn fields shows that other folk are more favoured of fortune. Granted the corn laid by the thunderstorms will cost a trifle more to harvest, but the root crops and the pastures will benefit greatly. Harvest will soon be general, so it is to be hoped that the much-needed rain will come soon.

July 19th.

Where wheat crops are good this year they are very good. I passed a field in North Wilts to-day, which was being cut. It was a very heavy crop indeed, which I should imagine would yield well over 14 sacks per acre. Part of it was badly laid, and various methods of cutting were in evidence. There were a binder, a grass mower, and three men with scythes, all busy. I could not help noticing that the scythe men were all between sixty and seventy years old. To-day youth drives the tractor, and age does the hand work. Still, our climate will always make it necessary for a few men on each farm to learn to mow, and no tractor driver should consider it beneath his dignity to swing a scythe on occasion. It's a satisfactory job with a nice feel to it and the song of the scythe takes some beating. The sight of a mower at work recalls a line of white-shirted backs in the water-meadows some twenty years ago, and I fancy I can hear the music they made—swish——swish——swish.

July 21st.

I see in one of the leading daily papers the admission that our poultry industry's annual production is 30 per cent. greater than the value of all our cereal crops.

This in itself is a step in the right direction, for hitherto the general policy of the press has been to avoid publishing this type of farming truth. In the same article this question is asked: "What is to be done to save our great poultry industry from collapse?" Answer: "Tell a few more truths." In other words point out that poultry eat grain, and stress the lamentable idiocy of the oat duty. No one, not even farmers, can have it both ways, and it's waste of time trying to do so. Still it's cheering to think that now farming is so prominent in the press a few truths must occasionally get into print.

July 22nd.

Thunder and lightning and rain, precious rain, at last. We must have had well over half an inch in this district, and I should imagine that it was pretty general in the South-West. I don't suppose that more than 10 per cent. of our population ever welcome rain, but to-day's fall will have cheered up a lot of farmers. Winter keep is scarce, and a few days' good rain now on the warm soil would produce a lot of grass for Autumn feeding besides helping the root crops.

July 25th.

Rain saved England at cricket yesterday, and it is saving the countryside also. Since Sunday we have had a shower or two every day, and yesterday we had another real good storm. Even now the pastures are getting greener, and England, even if she cannot play cricket, is showing her serene green countenance once again. We have cut our little bit of wheat which we grow for thatch, and the more rain that falls on it before we carry it the better I shall be pleased.

July 26th.

Referring to yesterday's note—what a lot of bad stooking one sees in these days. Driving round the

countryside one sees far too many stooks blown down. I suppose it's the result of two or three fairly dry harvests, but the British farm labourer would profit by a lesson in stooking from his colonial cousin. To lean sheaves against one another is asking for trouble. Each sheaf should have the butt driven firmly down on, even into, the ground. Well-stooked corn will stand a deal of wet without much damage being done, and to stook lazily and carelessly, or as I have seen in some cases to neglect to stook at all is bad farming in this climate. I feel that I can speak from experience about this for I stooked 200 acres of grain single-handed four years running in North-West Manitoba. When you have to keep up with an eight-foot binder and cook your own grub and also stick up on Sundays any stooks which have fallen down, you put them up carefully first time. Some folk favour the round stook of eight sheaves, but both for standing well and for quick drying out I prefer the long stook of ten sheaves. A double row of three with two sheaves on each side placed to lock where the sheaves on the inner rows touch each other. But no matter what shape stook you make you must handle each sheaf like you would a crowbar.

July 27th.

Recent statistics show that as a nation we are eating less beef per head. Some people say that we are giving up beef in favour of mutton and lamb and pork. I suppose the chief reason is that transport facilities have enabled so many people to get away from home at week ends and so dispense with the Sunday joint. Somehow I think that beef will last my time, but even while it may be too early to plan for an agriculture in which beef plays but a minor part, it should not be too early to think about it. Most of our farming troubles can be traced to looking backwards to wheat, when wheat had become an insignificant part of our agricultural production. One thing is certain—we must try to put only first

quality beef on the fresh meat market in the near future. To that end I hope soon that we shall can all our cow beef, so that the housewife will never have cause to complain of a joint of English beef.

August 3rd.

Attended a discussion at the B.B.C. this evening during which the question of ribbon development of building along our main roads cropped up. Apparently the accepted cure for this is to institute a system of park ways so that new building would take place on a back road leaving a belt of woodland to face the main road. This sounds excellent, but surely compensation will have to be paid to the owners for the sterilization of this frontage. Many men who were forced to buy their farms at a high price some years ago are looking to the sale of building lots to save themselves from bankruptcy. And if compensation has to be found the cost should not fall on the local ratepayers but should be made a national charge. To ask local people to pay for a speed track for folk who just race through a district would be manifestly unjust. We were all agreed on this point and also that while most people wanted to live near a bus route, it would be better for everybody if they did not live right on it. Still at the rate building is going on these days it is obvious that some form of control is long overdue.

August 4th.

Yesterday we started and finished harvest, and to-morrow will see it thatched in safely. In spite of rain on Wednesday the stooks were as dry as a rush by Friday, and corn ricks are popping up on every hillside. Wheat likes a dry summer, and this year's sheaves are very heavy in the head.

August 6th.

Yesterday and all last night it rained steadily. To-day it has been dull but fine so the holiday will not

have been entirely spoilt. To those who consider that this month's diary contains far too much about rain, might I mention that we have had almost two years of fine weather, and that some wet is long overdue.

August 7th.

Mushrooms are popping up everywhere. I found enough for breakfast this morning, and if the wet continues there should be a lot of them. Later on in Salisbury market some of my neighbours told me that already they were picking a saleable quantity. On some land the effect of Open-Air Dairying has been to increase the quantity of self-come mushrooms tenfold. The law about mushrooms is rather tricky I believe. Apparently if a farmer does not plant mushroom spawn he cannot prosecute anyone for picking mushrooms. Still, I should like to point out that no one can get through a fence without doing damage. One person does not do much damage in this way I admit, but usually trespassers and mushroom pickers get through in the same place and soon there is a gap. It's a case of Eric, or "Little by Little." A hundredweight of mushrooms per day, even at the wholesale price, are worth gathering, and where a farmer has them I hope he will be able to get them, although I doubt whether the law will do anything to help him.

August 8th.

A leading article in one of the newspapers to-day shows a lamentable ignorance of farming's needs and of farming production. It advocates that all quotas and subsidies should be swept away and that a straight tariff of 40 per cent. *ad valorem* on all foreign produce and of 20 per cent. on Dominion produce should be imposed in their place. Whilst one can agree heartily with the preference for such a tariff in place of quotas or subsidies, the idea of putting it on ALL agricultural produce is ridiculous. Grain is the raw material which

our farmers use in the production of their main selling lines—meat, milk, and eggs, and the cheaper it is the better for British farming. Granted, in agricultural practice there is no quarrel whatsoever between grain and livestock, but in any agricultural tariff policy a choice must be made between them in favour of the latter.

August 9th.

I happened to pick up a copy of *The Times* to-day which was dated August 4th. In it I found these headlines. FARMING CHANGES. INCREASE IN CORN AND BEET. FEWER MEN EMPLOYED. Once again the truth peeps out. Years ago grain-growing employed a lot of labour; to-day it does not. Indeed one can almost say that where mechanised grain-growing takes place the village becomes depopulated of farm workers. The bulk of farm employment nowadays is provided by animal husbandry and market gardening.

August 15th.

Walked all over the farm this morning to find a good bite of grass everywhere. Given an open Fall we should have good grazing until nearly Christmas. Well, let's hope the weather cheers up for a week or so. Holidays are a big industry, and ten days' fine weather will see the finish of most of the harvest. I hate to see grain spoilt.

Foreign Affairs

By Sir Charles Petrie

> " La politique de la Prusse a toujours été si tortueuse, elle a été de si mauvaise foi avec tout le monde et si maladroite qu'aucun cabinet ne lui portait un véritable intérêt."—NAPOLEON.

EVENTS in Central Europe are reminiscent of a Greek tragedy, with the neighbouring Powers in the rôle of the chorus: which is to say that the latter are crying " Woe, woe "; but, with the exception of Italy, are exercising no perceptible influence upon what is taking place. Particularly is this the case with our own country. Either the independence of Austria is a vital British interest or it is not: if it is, we must let the world know that we shall fight for it; if it is not, then the less we say on the subject the better. Sir John Simon has chosen what he doubtless considers to be a middle course: he is talking big about the necessity of maintaining Austria, while the Government has not the slightest intention of taking any action; but is vaguely hoping that someone else, possibly the Italians, will save its face in an emergency by pulling the chestnuts out of the fire.

This is exactly what Palmerston did with regard to Schleswig-Holstein in the sixties of last century, with Napoleon III in the part that Sir John Simon has cast for Signor Mussolini. He threatened and blustered until the Danes believed we should back them; then Bismarck called our bluff, annexed the Duchies, and no one trusted the word of Great Britain for another fifty years. If the Cabinet continues its present policy, the same situation will result. That is the real danger in Europe at the present moment. We are holding out hopes we have neither the means nor the intention to fulfil, and sooner or later someone will expose the hollow sham which is British foreign policy today.

The Murder of Dr. Dollfuss

IT is impossible to find words strong enough in which to condemn the killing of Dr. Dollfuss. Both the

crime itself, and the circumstances attaching to it, were such as to render it only comparable in recent times with the murder of King Alexander and Queen Draga of Serbia some thirty years ago. The equivocal conduct of more than one of the dead Chancellor's colleagues on that fatal July 25 has still to be explained, and the present state of the evidence would seem to show that there is an opportunism among Austrian politicians which is displayed even in the most tragic circumstances. Why, for instance, did Major Fey refuse to allow an attack on the murderers of the Chancellor?

Although it would be absurd to suggest, as is being openly hinted in some quarters, that the death of the Austrian Chancellor was planned by Herr Hitler and the German Government, yet the latter must bear no inconsiderable part of the responsibility for the crime. Their position, in fact, recalls the lines written by Mr. Kipling in another connection :—

> They never told the ramping crowd to card a woman's hide,
> They never marked a man for death—what fault of theirs he died?
> They only said " intimidate," and talked and went away—

It was the broadcasts of Habicht and Frauenfeld from Munich which urged the Nazi desperadoes to strike, and it is an interesting commentary upon Herr Hitler's inability or unwillingness to keep his promises that only a few weeks previously he had undertaken to Signor Mussolini at Venice that these broadcasts should cease.

The Future of Austria

THE new Austrian Chancellor, Herr Schuschnigg, is as a result of recent events in a much better position to gauge both his strength and his weakness than was his predecessor. The regular army is clearly in the main reliable, and so is the Heimwehr in the Tyrol and Lower Austria. The Nazis are discouraged by their failure, and by Hitler's disavowal of them, so that their numbers are declining. The mass of the population has no desire for union with a Germany ruled by Prussia and the General

Staff. The economic situation is also improving. Herr Schuschnigg has thus some very good cards in his hand, if he will play them properly; or rather if the Great Powers will allow him to do so.

The only solution, as has been advocated in these pages so often before, is the revival of the Dual Monarchy in the person of the Archduke Otto. This State would act as a buffer between Italy and Germany in the same way that Poland does between the latter and Russia, and it would constitute an economic unit. Furthermore, the restoration of the Habsburgs would encourage the best elements in the Reich itself, and if there is a collapse in Germany it would provide the South with a rallying-point. The alternative is a prolongation of the existing unrest on the Danube, followed by a war between Italy and Germany, into which the rest of Europe would inevitably be drawn.

The Habsburg Position

THE prospect of a Habsburg restoration has filled the Socialists and crypto-Socialists of the Popular Press with alarm, for they realize only too clearly that the return of the Archduke Otto to Vienna will expose the absurdity of their parrot-cry that monarchy is a thing of the past. Therefore they are devoting columns to proving that such an event is impossible, though why it should be worth so much space if it is an impossibility is not easy to understand. Fleet Street hacks, who have never seen an Imperial or Royal personage save on the screen at a suburban cinema, are writing to prove that the Archduke is either a mere puppet in the hands of his mother, or has no desire to ascend the throne at all, or is a young man of such boundless ambition that his restoration would plunge Europe in war.

The plain fact is that the Archduke Otto is one of the ablest, as well as one of the most charming and best-informed, young men of the day; that the Empress Zita has very wisely and with great foresight withdrawn from

the political arena; and that the Archduke would be quite content to return to Austria with its present frontiers. The *status quo* in the Danube valley is doomed, and the way to ensure peace is not to support the existing order at all costs, but rather to work for a solution which will enable it to be modified peacefully. One could wish that the average British editor would appreciate the need for strengthening the forces of tradition in Central Europe, instead of allowing the international situation to be discussed in the columns of the Press by mercenaries, usually anonymous, with an inferiority complex where Royalty is concerned.

The Death of Hindenburg

IT may yet prove that the most notable event in the life of Hindenburg was its end. He was not much of a general, and it is doubtful if during the last few years of his Presidency he had any clear idea of what was going on around him. Nevertheless, he was a presentable figure-head, and in that capacity cannot apparently be replaced. Force of circumstances has now compelled Hitler to invest himself with absolute power, and that, ironically enough, at the very moment when he is dependent upon others, namely, the Reichswehr and the Junkers, for his very existence. Had Hindenburg died twelve months ago Hitler and his Storm Troops might have carried out the full Nazi programme; to-day he must dance to a tune he has not called.

The assumption of control by the Reichswehr and the Junkers, who are at any rate realists, greatly lessens the danger of foreign adventures, as the disbandment of the Austrian Nazi legion shows. For the next few months we are likely to be dealing with a Germany governed in the pre-war spirit, though there will probably continue to be a National Socialist *façade*. How long this state of affairs will last depends upon the success of Dr. Schacht in coping with the economic crisis. In any event, National Socialism in its original form is a thing of the

past. Hitler has proved to be no Mussolini. Is he merely Rienzi?

The Lesson of History

TO the historian the progress of events in Germany will not come as a surprise, for the most salient fact in that country's recent annals has been the skill of the Prussian military class in restoring an apparently hopeless situation. After Jena, after the revolution of 1848, and after the collapse of 1918 its overthrow appeared complete, but in each case the lapse of fifteen years found it stronger than ever. The popular German rising against the French in 1813–14, similar in many ways to the National Socialist movement of our own time, was also made to serve the interests of Prussia and its rulers. The weakness of the Junkers at the moment is their lack of a Bismarck, and they will probably keep Hitler until a passable imitation of the Iron Chancellor does appear.

It is also not without interest to speculate upon the reasons that have compelled so many rulers of Germany to become afflicted with ὕβρις. This characteristic marked several of the Hohenstaufen and of the Hohenzollerns, and it is now making its appearance in Hitler. Indeed, when a modern Plutarch puts pen to paper he can do worse than to compare the lives of Wilhelm II and the Führer-Chancellor-President; not least, perhaps, because both imagined at one stage of their careers that they were governing Prussia, only to find before long that Prussia was governing them.

The Moral for Britain

THE chaos which is Central Europe points two lessons for Great Britain: the first is the necessity of being strong, and the second is that of backing the forces which make for stability. But for Signor Mussolini's prompt action in sending three corps to the Austrian frontier, the world might well have been at war to-day. He knew what the situation demanded, and he had the necessary force at his disposal: hence no shot was fired from an

Italian rifle, and Herr Hitler was compelled to disavow the Austrian Nazis. This is an argument that the pacifist will find it difficult to answer, and it is to be hoped that it will be brought forward by Lord Lloyd when he proposes his motion on National Defence at the Conservative conference at Bristol next month.

If we are not to have a series of crises, ending in war, the British Government must give its full diplomatic support to the stable elements in Europe. The Baltic States, Poland, and a revived Dual Monarchy must feel that they can rely upon us to frown on any new arrangement which will weaken them. This does not imply the holding out of false hopes, as Sir John Simon is doing with regard to Austria. If we are strong, we shall be respected, and our friends will be left unmolested without the necessity of shouting the odds all the time. This may seem a paradox to the pacifist, who is always thinking in terms of war, but it is true all the same.

The Near East

WHILE Europe has been occupied with alarums and excursions in Berlin and Vienna, events in the Near East have been largely neglected. Yet the Shah of Persia has been paying a visit to Mustapha Kemal, the Turkish dictator, and all the Orient has been guessing at the purpose behind it. The position of the two men is very similar, except that the Persian has founded a new dynasty, and so can look ahead. The Turk has outraged tradition, rather than enlisted it in his service, and what will happen to Turkey on the death of Mustapha Kemal is one of the problems of modern politics. He has been in such a hurry that all his reforms cannot survive him, and the question is how many will do so.

However, the Shah's visit was obviously not made merely in order that the two autocrats might discuss the place of wireless in Eastern life, or the traffic problems of Angora and Teheran. Foreign affairs were clearly the most important topic of conversation. Both Powers are

in the shadow of Soviet Russia, and united their position would be stronger. Neither has any desire to quarrel with so powerful a neighbour, but if one has perforce to sup with the Devil the longer the spoon the better. The Kurds, too, are a common nuisance to both nations, and measures to deal with this menace were also discussed.

Persia, Turkey, and Ourselves

THERE have recently been differences of opinion between Persia, Turkey, and Great Britain. The Shah challenges British sovereignty over the Bahrein Islands, and there was the dispute over the Anglo-Persian Oil Company's concession. The Turks would like to fortify the Straits, or rather the Russians are trying to persuade them that they would like to do so. In spite of all this it is a vital British interest that Turkey and Persia should be strong, not weak. We do not want a re-creation of the old pre-war position when Russians and Germans were pressing down to the Persian Gulf.

The one solid gain to Great Britain as a result of the war was the undisputed hegemony of the Middle East, so important now that we are dependent upon oil. The best way to maintain this advantage is by friendship with the two Mohammedan Powers. It was their weakness in the past that constituted a serious danger, and if their new strength is occasionally a source of friction, it is also the most effective barrier against the intrigues of Berlin and Moscow. That both Angora and Teheran are not above flirting with the Soviets is true, and Turk and Persian are alike adepts at playing their neighbours off against one another. Yet they are realists all the same, and they know that the threat to their independence comes from Russia, not from us. Neither the Shah nor Mustapha Kemal can afford to allow German and Russian agents free passage through their respective countries.

Spanish Politics

THE article which Don Antonio Goicoechea, the Royalist leader, contributed to the Madrid *A.B.C.*

a week or two ago should clear the ground for the formation of a united front by the parties of the Right. Señor Goicoechea appeals for a Catholic monarchy based upon the old Carlist ideal of *Dios, Patria, y Rey*, but at the same time he shows how this is in no way incompatible with the contribution which Signor Mussolini has made to modern political thought in the Corporate State. An admirable summary of this article appeared in the *Daily Telegraph* of August 18.

This pronouncement is very definitely a step in the right direction, and it is to be hoped that Señor Gil Robles, the Conde de Rodezno, and the Marqués de Estella (the leaders of *Acción Popular*, the *tradicionalistas*, and the Spanish Fascists respectively) will give it their unqualified support. What Spain wants is not imported alien theories of government, but a return to her own great traditions, and Don Antonio Goicoechea deserves well of his fellow-countrymen for showing them how this can be done in the twentieth century.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

Edited by **HUGH KINGSMILL**

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Literary Notes

Wilson's Carlyle

MR. DAVID WILSON MACARTHUR, nephew of the late David Alec Wilson, has completed his uncle's biography of Carlyle with a volume entitled "Carlyle in Old Age" (Kegan Paul, 15s.). Most of the material for this volume was collected by David Wilson, and has been put into shape by Mr. Macarthur, who has followed his uncle's method of presenting Carlyle with great skill and care, thus bringing to a satisfactory conclusion the fullest record of a life in English literature.

David Wilson, who was born in 1864, was a judge in Burma. During the intervals of his official work he began to collect material for the life of Carlyle which he had planned in his student days. His method was to extract everything relevant to his subject from all possible sources, memoirs, reminiscences, biographies,

letters, magazine articles, and so forth; and to interview everyone who could throw any light on Carlyle, for which purpose he travelled many thousands of miles during the twenty years after his retirement. His first book on Carlyle, an examination of Froude's credibility, appeared in 1898. This was followed a good many years later by a pamphlet on Frank Harris, in which Harris's narrative of how Carlyle had confessed to him the most intimate details of his private life was subjected to an analysis that it was ill qualified to sustain. Having thus cleared the ground, David Wilson set to work on his encyclopædic survey of Carlyle's life, bringing out five volumes between 1923 and 1929, and leaving it to his nephew to complete the great work with the present volume.

Wilson had none of Boswell's genius, there is not a trace of Boswell's gusto and glow of life in his work. In Boswell's book, Boswell is second only to Johnson in attractive power over the reader. Wilson, it is true, never met Carlyle, but one feels that if he had he would not have gained from the contact any additional impulse to his task. It is even possible that, being himself a Scot, and apparently a man of dogged and somewhat opinionated temper, he would have lessened the value of his work by digressions setting Carlyle right on a number of points. His inferiority to Boswell in zest and art is, however, largely compensated by his superior sense of proportion. Although Boswell went to great pains to gather information about Johnson, he could not help being more interested in his own meetings with Johnson than in the, to Johnson, more important matters of Johnson's relations with his parents, his wife and his God. The fifty-three years of Johnson's life before he met Boswell occupy about one-fifth of Boswell's biography. Wilson presents the whole of Carlyle, not only in extraordinary detail, but in the right proportions.

Carlyle emerges from Wilson's survey as a great character and a great man, not as wise or well-balanced

as Johnson, but beyond comparison with any of his own contemporaries, Tennyson or Browning, Dickens, Thackeray or Mill. His chief defect sprang from his thwarted desire for a life of action. This produced either hysterical admiration of some exhibition of force, or irritable contempt, according to his mood. The American Civil War annoyed him, the Victory of Prussia over France delighted him, largely because it seemed to justify the years he had wasted on Frederick the Great. "Nothing has pleased me as well for forty years" he wrote of the Prussian triumph; but the Civil War was "self-murder of a million brother Englishmen for the sake of . . . totally *false* theories upon the nigger."

His genius comes out less in his writings than in his spoken comments on men and life, all clothed in his quaint idiom, which has a half-poetic, half-humorous fascination, as soon as one realizes that it was natural to him to talk in that way. Here is an incident which shows Carlyle as vividly as any of Boswell's little vignettes shown Johnson. Carlyle and two friends passed some street urchins who were turning summersaults in a private enclosure. One of the boys, perhaps alarmed by Carlyle's appearance, piped—"I say, mister, may we roll on this here grass?" Turning slowly towards the boy, Carlyle replied—"Yes, my little fellow, roll at discretion." Carlyle walked on, and one of his companions heard a little girl repeating meditatively—"He says we may roll at discretion."

When Queen Victoria, who would not ask her Prime Minister, Lord Derby, to sit down in her presence, although he had just been very ill, met Carlyle at Lady Augusta Stanley's, Carlyle remarked "We will carry on the subject with greater ease if Your Majesty will allow me as an old infirmish man to sit down." He was seated before the Queen could recover the use of her speech. Later in the afternoon, when Browning was brought forward to be examined, the Queen said to him—"What a very singular person Mr. Carlyle is!"

Even in his wildest and most abusive obiter dicta, Carlyle is more instructive than a man without genius in his most carefully balance judgments. In calling Heine "a filthy fœtid sausage of spoiled victuals," and in saying of the Elgin marbles—"There is not a clever man amongst them all, and I would away with them—away with them into space"—Carlyle was giving a needed shock to the conventional view of Heine and the Elgin marbles current when he spoke.

David Wilson has done for the greatest talker of the nineteenth century what Boswell did for Johnson, and it is to be hoped that Wilson's Carlyle will sound as familiarly in the ears of posterity as Boswell's Johnson in ours.

Coleridge

MOST of the essays in "Coleridge—Studies by Various Hands": edited by Edmund Blunden and Earl Leslie Griggs (Constable, 10s. 6d.) are informative rather than illuminating. It would be unkind to say that, even without the sub-title, one could have guessed that hands rather than brains had been at work; but there is certainly more scissors and paste in the book than original criticism. There is a good deal of interest in the essays on Coleridge as a political thinker and as a metaphysician, but the only contribution which is in no way disappointing is Mr. Blunden's narrative of Wordsworth, "Coleridge and the spy." The story of how Coleridge and Wordsworth were suspected of being in sympathy with the French, when they were living in Somersetshire in 1797, is here fully unravelled for the first time. The two poets, discussing poetry and metaphysics, seemed strange and sinister figures to their neighbours. The Home Office was advised that persons of a suspicious kind were about, and a detective was sent down from London, who in one of his reports referred to the joint authors of "Lyrical Ballads" as the "Rascalls from Alfoxten." The whole incident, as Mr. Blunden says, is a fairly exact

parallel to the situation imagined in Browning's "How It Strikes A Contemporary."

Miscellaneous

CHARLES KINGSLEY is reported to have said to a woman, "Madam, there is poetry and there is verse; and verse is divided into two kinds—good verse and bad verse. What have you shown me is not poetry, it is verse. It is not good verse, it is bad verse." The "Collected Poems" of Rowland Thirlmere (Shakespeare Head Press, Oxford, 15s.) are not poetry. They are verse, but Kingsley's ruthless conclusion can be reversed on Thirlmere's behalf. His large output is full of echoes of Wordsworth, Browning and others, but the echoes are pleasant, and the man revealed by his work is very likeable.

The latest addition to the Notable British Trial Series is "The Trial of Guy Fawkes," edited by Donald Carswell (William Hodge & Co., 10s. 6d.). Mr Donald has told the story of the Gunpowder Plot not only clearly but very amusingly. He compares it with the firing of the Reichstag by Van der Lubbe, and while he abstains from a direct statement that the conspiracy was a bogus affair arranged to strengthen the government who exposed it, he suggests that in his opinion, which he supports with cogent arguments, the Government's secret service nursed a small plot till it had attained satisfactory dimensions.

Asquith's Letters

H. H. A. LETTERS OF THE EARL OF OXFORD AND ASQUITH TO A FRIEND. Second Series. 1922–1927. (Geoffrey Bles. 10s. 6d.)

LORD OXFORD'S friendship with Mrs. Harrisson has already been publicly commemorated by the appearance of one volume of his correspondence, which was described by an unnamed reviewer, according to the jacket of the present work, as "a book entirely gracious and something more." What the expression

may chance to lack in the way of grammar and sense is so fully compensated by its exquisite sonority that anybody who happens to consider that the publication of these letters is likely to do Lord Oxford's reputation more harm than good must pause to consider how his argument can be framed so as to strike with equal felicity upon the ears of his readers.

There is no doubt whatever that it gave Lord Oxford the greatest possible pleasure to have the opportunity of unbosoming himself at frequent intervals to a young female friend. There is no doubt moreover that Lord Oxford was not only an exceptionally well-read man but also a man of unusual culture and sociability. On the other hand, the effect that the perusal of these letters is likely to make on any reader, who did not have the privilege of Lord Oxford's acquaintance, is that the writer's views on art and literature were not particularly worthy of preservation, and that his comments on those individuals with whom he came into occasional contact are frequently caustic, not to say waspish. It is in no way to his discredit that he should have exhibited himself in these rather unattractive lights in the intimacy of a correspondence that was obviously never meant for publication; there is every merit in the possession of such a safety-valve, but the question of the right of those in whose power it lies to release it for the possible denigration of posterity—and, incidentally, no doubt for personal pecuniary gain—is matter for a higher tribunal than a literary reviewer to decide. The one remark in the whole volume that appears to have any permanent interest is Lord Oxford's comment on the ex-Kaiser that " it is only fair to admit that he had a wider range of interests than any royal person since Napoleon," and even this seems an expensive epigram at the price of ten shillings and sixpence.

It is interesting to note that Mr. Desmond MacCarthy, the editor of both volumes, has learnt one lesson since last year, when the preceding instalment appeared. He was sufficiently ill-advised at that time to reproduce in facsimile a certain number of Lord Oxford's original letters, which gave the opportunity to anybody who was particularly interested to establish the fact that his transcriptions were by no means word-perfect. He has not made the mistake this time of giving the same handle to the ungodly reviewer, but his statement in the preface to the present volume, that portions of the letters have appeared in Lord Oxford's "Memories and Reflections," enables any reader with

sufficient curiosity to prove for himself the existence of at least one serious error of transcription.

On p. 126 of this book we read, apropos of the performance of a play by his daughter, Princess Antoine Bibesco, "I was rather anxious during the prolonged verbal conversations of the first act but in the second we got down to real business." Comparison with Lord Oxford's "Memories" shows that "conversations" is a meaningless substitute for "coruscations" and that it is probable that the word "down" is Mr. MacCarthy's tactful version of Lord Oxford's original "nearer." On p. 54 Mr. MacCarthy prints "caratinas," where Lord Oxford must surely have written "cavatinas," but which of the two was responsible for such misspellings of proper names as "Graves" (p. 2) for "Greaves," "Titheridge" (p. 20) for "Titheradge," "Maggie" (p. 31) for "Meggie," "Farringdon" (p. 74) for "Farington," "Munroe" (p. 104) for "Munro" and "Nisbett" (p. 193) for "Nesbitt," is matter for conjecture.

I have already referred to the waspish personalities which disfigure these letters and I do not propose to quote more than one example, the sting in which is directed more against a community than an individual. In the "Memories" the passage appears as follows: "We have had at lunch the Dean of St. Paul's [Inge] and his wife. He is a strange isolated figure, with all the culture in the world, and a curiously developed gift of expression, but with kinks and twists both intellectual and temperamental. Still, he is one of the few ecclesiastics in these days who is really interesting." Here, on p. 145, the passage reappears, slightly altered. After the word "temperamental" we find "which make him too freakish to be a real power. But he is the only ecclesiastic in these days who is really interesting."

Lord Oxford said of Sir Henry Wilson: "As his Diaries, which the misplaced devotion of friends has disclosed to the world, abundantly show, he was endowed by Nature with a loose tongue, and was in the habit of wielding a still looser pen." It is, indeed, matter for regret that we shall never know Sir Henry Wilson's verdict on the publication of Lord Oxford's "Letters to a Friend."

WILLIAM KING.

Fiction

PELICAN WALKING : Short Stories. By G. B. STERN. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.)
DEATH IN HIGH SOCIETY and Other Stories. By INEZ HOLDEN. Psyche Miniatures. (Kegan Paul. 2s. 6d.)
EDEN RIVER. By GERALD BULLETT. (Heinemann. 5s.)

WHAT is the test of a short story since it has ceased to be a tale with a beginning, a middle and an end, and the term is used to cover any kind of sketch that can beguile from five to fifty minutes? Only the anecdote is ruled out, because an anecdote is an incident or a witticism so bald that it has no penumbra. The anecdote is a jotting which, whether fertilizable or not, remains unfertilized. Anecdote is not, then, as people used to complain, only a term of abuse. Though short stories can be of any kind, the best—those to which we return—are creations of character.

This is Miss Stern's strong suit, and the fourteen short stories in her new book are almost all admirable drawings of character. The exceptions are "Money's Worth," in which the shopkeeper is incredible; "Grand Inquisitor," which is a situation that anyone less gifted than Miss Stern might have invented; "Quiet Corner," which just fails to lift an everyday possibility out of the rut; and "Echo from Ithaca," which is unrealized. But there is ripe comedy in "The Slower Judas," excellent comedy in "A Nectarine Life," though its end is too lucky to be true, and "Sanctuary" avoids the pitfalls that the problem of a governess and a nanny who have to share the same cottage might have provided if the author had unconsciously adopted the governess's point of view. Miss Stern is an artist. She has a keen eye for human nature, no preference for any type, and a ready invention for the situations in which her characters may display themselves. She is artist enough to force coincidence cheerfully, and belongs to the tradition in the sense that her stories are not merely snippets from life, but usually have a climax of interest. In a volume of stories by a woman it is refreshing to find one in which the delights of French cookery in a small restaurant play an important part, and another called after a famous vintage. I cannot believe, however, that the broken bottle with which this story ends is in character with its hero. Such a connoisseur of wine as Sir Elwin Strickland would not in old age smash a famous bottle because a young wife had run off with a young man. He would cling to it the more as the one stable good in a world of women and uncertainty. A finer ending would be that the old man should be discovered with his bottle and find it appropriate that the youth

among his friends most qualified to appreciate it should *not* have been the guilty young man. Though the stories vary in quality, all are interesting and will confirm the reader's high opinion of Miss Stern's narrative gift.

The extreme brevity of Miss Inez Holden's collection suggests that her stories were intended for newspapers which spare no more than a corner for such work. Very slight things, they escape being snappy and the better ones even provoke the question whether there may not be more in them than meets the first glance; but her faculty seems to be to imply an interest without evoking enough curiosity to prove it. The reader hovers round her fancies, but is never under a spell. The drawing of the authoress by Mr. Augustus John at the beginning is a charming invitation to her book.

Mr. Gerald Bullett's "Eden River" is a half-length novel. Very carefully written, it departs widely from the Biblical Eden and it is also difficult to discover what its drift or purport was intended to be. The re-telling of traditional stories usually springs from a desire to enrich them by some novelty of treatment, but "Eden River" is inconclusive. There is no Deity, no serpent, no forbidden fruit, no expulsion from Eden. Eden continues as it was, while Cain and Abel live a different existence on the other side of the river. The only clue to this mysterious division is a remark about the end of the golden age. This is attributed to the possessive love of Abel for his bride, which puzzles Cain, who has apparently been living in the innocence of promiscuity. From the murder that follows most of the trouble beyond the confines of Eden begins, and Cain is made the author of horrible superstitions, blood sacrifices and the rest. What the drift of this may be it is not easy to discover, and the fact is the more disappointing from the care that Mr. Bullett has evidently taken with his prose. If his story lacks unity and cohesion, the reason is not with the style, but with a philosophy that is either muddle-headed or at any rate unsuccessfully expressed.

OSBERT BURDETT.

Lord Lloyd and Egypt

EGYPT SINCE CROMER. By LORD LLOYD. Vol. II. (Macmillan.)

THE Egyptian problem, though to some extent self-contained, has of necessity shared the fate that the new era has imposed on

all problems, collective and individual, and it is a commonplace that the prevailing unrest of the world has to be solved by new methods, if not by new principles. But, while the East alike with the West has been affected, the old cleavage between the two has not yet been bridged, and, though they fundamentally interlink for the first time in history, we are a long way off from a fusion of cultures and mentalities. Thus while Lord Lloyd's axiom no doubt still holds good, that the real danger to those countries which have come under our control arises when the claims of good administration are subordinated to the claims of political theory, it is driving logic to an extent that does not wholly square with the irrepressible movement of the post-war outlook, let alone with the inevitable compromises involved in modern party government. Maybe that the tide is turning again, and that he will be justified by stern facts. But at the time that he was called on to take over the High Commissionership in Cairo (and his tenure of that office is the main interest of this volume), the semi-Wilsonian doctrines of 1919 had not proved the fallacies of which we are aware to-day, and even the objectivity of Whitehall was still infected. The rub that gradually arose between him and the Foreign Office should be laid at the door of the latter, not on the ground that they were necessarily wrong and that he was necessarily right, but that they were responsible for the appointment to what they considered a diplomatic job of an able administrator and not of a trained diplomat. Their main requirement of Lord Allenby's successor was one of flexibility, and, though nobody on the facts as now set out will charge Lord Lloyd with not exerting himself to the utmost to find a synthesis between the virtually contradictory ingredients of the 1922 Declaration, on which our whole Egyptian policy had to be based, there could be little doubt from the first that the temperamental qualities of an Indian Governor were, rightly or wrongly, not those that were likely to harmonize with the more doctrinaire views held at home. But, as he himself points out, his three immediate predecessors had equally failed to give satisfaction, and, indeed, it may be questioned whether it is not Egypt rather than Persia, as is commonly held in diplomacy, that is normally the grave of reputations.

Certainly Lord Lloyd succeeded to an evil heritage all round, and it must be a matter of regret that he had not Lord Curzon to deal with at the other end. In that case it might have been possible, in his own words, to " steer clear of everything that is

not clear-cut and consistent." It was Lord Curzon who had not only issued the Declaration of 1922, but had grasped all its implications, and, though in the two years of office remaining to him he failed to solve the problem on the lines which he himself had proposed, he must inevitably with the process of time have tackled it with the combined ingenuity, thoroughness and understanding of the East, which was characteristic of him. As it was, Lord Lloyd was left to grapple with a series of individual puzzles on largely haphazard and vacillating instructions, which " cramped his style " and led to quite unnecessary embitterment. If he went wrong in one or two directions, he was on the whole entirely justified in his general diagnosis, as in his insistence that the moment was unripe for an agreement with Egypt, so long as the Wafd held control either openly or in the background, and in this matter he was most unfairly treated by action being taken over his head or behind his back.

The whole trouble lay not so much in the indeterminate nature of the 1922 Declaration, which was inevitable in all the circumstances, as in the failure at home to define from the start, at least on broad lines, how it was proposed to reconcile an honest acquiescence in Egyptian independence with the maintenance of our own position in the country. Lord Lloyd contends that we had recognized only a qualified independence. That is probably a better way of putting it than by enunciating two irreconcilables and then trying to reconcile them. Also the cart was being consistently put before the horse. If Egyptian independence was already fully recognized by the Declaration, our relations should have been forthwith purely diplomatic and an Embassy instituted in place of the Residency; if it was still in the making, that is to say, if we were still in the transition state, then any High Commissioner was bound to act according to his lights, much as Lord Lloyd did act, and continue to deal with situations as they arose more or less pragmatically. Whether or not he exceeded his instructions or, which is what really happened, met them in too unconventionally high-handed a manner, leads to a controversy which has no end. Mr. Harold Nicolson has described the failings in a politician as, among others, fear of public opinion and ignorance; in a trained diplomatist, as professionalism, lethargy and timidity. Lord Lloyd certainly did not suffer from one or the other. Had he regarded public opinion at home a little more, he might have gone more stealthily about his work. Had he been more endowed with the bargaining spirit, he might con-

ceivably have defeated some of the Oriental intrigue which he was up against. These are all speculations, in which temperament plays a large part and is beyond individual control. The fact remains that neither he nor those who differed from him were able to solve the conundrum which had been put up in 1922. No doubt it was asking the impossible, but it is unjust that the failure should be laid at his door or at least not shared by his detractors. Lord Lloyd repeatedly says that Sir Austen Chamberlain, who was absent at the time of his enforced resignation, and "who knew the facts," "apparently has had no subsequent opportunity of stating them." Why not?

J. D. GREGORY.

Hester Stanhope

LADY HESTER STANHOPE. By JOAN HASLIP. (Cobden-Sanderson. 10s. 6d. net.)

LYTTON STRACHEY gave us one feature of Lady Hester Stanhope—the nose. Miss Joan Haslip has now given us every feature, including the disfigurements, painting them all so clearly that hers may be regarded as the final portrait. The truth is there is not enough of interest about Lady Hester Stanhope to justify a full biography, and Miss Haslip has had to pad it out with a lot of descriptive passages, in which the sun, the sea, the rocks, the flowers, and such-like irrelevant, if charming, phenomena play their part; but as these are not related to any apparent emotion in the breast of Lady Hester, they are valueless in her biography, however picturesque they might seem in a novel. The scenic tricks of the novelist, besides being tedious and unimaginative, are anyhow out of place in the work of the biographer, and Miss Haslip's book, good though it is, would have been better if she had cut it down by one-third and dealt exclusively with her subject and her subject's subjects.

For Lady Hester had no real friends. Every one who was not her willing slave was her unwitting enemy. She had no use for anyone of whom she could not make use. She was born to command, but, like so many people who are born to command, she was born to make a fool of herself. Her ignorance of human nature would have been pitiable if it had not been contemptible. She was a snob, a bully, a termagant, an egotist, and ultimately a lunatic; there was no warmth in her generosity, no enthusiasm in her bravery; she despised learning because she had no culture; she gave lavishly because it fed her vanity; she was charming

to people when she wanted their help, and insulting to people when she could do without it; she was patriotic for reasons that were absurd, and unpatriotic for reasons that were equally absurd; she was a Christian in England and a Mohammedan in Syria; she would have been a Buddhist in Burma, a Confucian in China and a Jumboist in Central Africa; but wherever she went she was always, most religiously, a Stanhopean. "She strived to impress me with the vanity and falseness of all European creeds," wrote Kinglake, "as well as with a sense of her own spiritual greatness. Throughout her conversation upon these high topics she carefully insinuated, without actually asserting, her heavenly rank."

Though she would have made a fortune in modern America, there were moments when her European servants doubted her divinity. Kinglake relates that she had forbidden her secretary to shoot small birds, and that "this oppression had aroused in him a spirit of inquiry that might end fatally—perhaps for himself—perhaps for the 'religion of the place'."

Beyond the fact that, to satisfy her pride, she caused the slaughter of some three hundred innocent people, and ruined about as many more, she does not seem to have done much harm in the world. But that was not for want of trying.

HESKETH PEARSON.

A Contented Poet

TRAVELS OF A CHINESE POET—TU FU, GUEST OF RIVERS AND LAKES. A.D. 712–770. By FLORENCE AYSCOUGH. (Cape. 25s.)

TU FU played a part in politics at the Court of Ming Huang, surnamed "The Bright," whose existence was made yet brighter by the companionship of his "lovely concubine," Yang Kueifei. Under this monarch's successor the Poet held office as "Censor." But now he was to be degraded, why has never been ascertained, to the rank of a minor official. His new profession meant residence in a remote province where "soldiers marched back and forth continually, trying to eliminate various rebel bands," a condition of affairs unfavourable to higher thought. Tu Fu therefore became a "Guest of rivers and lakes," and set out into the great inviting West in company with the lady he refers to as his "old wife"—an epithet

endearing in China, but apt to be resented in Europe, especially upon the lips of a husband who has just thrown down his job. His children, who likewise accompanied the picturesque sage in his flight, were named delightfully "Brave Bear" and "Thoroughbred Horse." Appalling dangers beset the family. "Dragons' Mound" and "Roof-of-the-World" offered few amenities for tourists, but the esteem in which the natives held poetry and poets brought advantages not to be paralleled in our more prosaic clime. When the Bard desired to build a hut and rest from his travels, he simply indented, in verse, upon local magnates. The equivalent of a sonnet to a market gardener would procure fresh vegetables. An ode plainly stating his requirements, would bring bamboos from a timber merchant and stout fellows to set them up. Having raised walls with his lyre, this Chinese Apollo would sit fishing in the stream before his hut. He purchased a sun hat, turned farmer, and found field work congenial and by no means incompatible with composition.

"Spring has come, I often rise early,
Affairs of this secluded place in measure soothe my feelings . . ."

"Little serving-boy comes from City Market,
Bringing wine he has bought, in earthen jar."

This, too, was soothing. Tu Fu's poems are characterized by a developed colour-sense, prodigious powers of observation and rare sensibility.

"Mud from celery in beaks of swallows darting past;
Pollen from flower stamens hangs on beards of bees."

Such effects as these suggest a keenness of eyesight above the normal.

The following stanzas are from "Clear After Rain":—

"At dawn to-day clear-after-rain view glorious;
The prolonged downpour has not injured farmers.
Frontier willows shed scant kingfisher-green;
Hill pears form small red-fruit.
Strain from Mongol flageolet rises above storied gate-tower;
A single wild goose enters high emptiness."

Tu Fu mingles with nobles no less than with peasants. He carouses with the Imperial Envoy, by lamplight, upon the river. There are dancing girls, embroidered hangings, lovely ladies. And lured by the sound of flutes, great fish look upward from the waters as though entreating to be admitted to a share in the revels.

This translation with the brief notes which establish a connection between the detached pieces enable us to witness both the corporeal wanderings of the Poet and the subtler movements of his mind and soul.

KENNETH HARE.

The Powder Magazine of Europe

THE TREATY OF TRIANON AND EUROPEAN PEACE. By COUNT STEPHEN BETHLEN. (Longman. 10s. 6d.)

FROM time to time in the course of his important work, "The Treaty of Trianon and European Peace" (Longman's, 10s. 6d.) —the book which gives us in collected form the four lectures delivered by him in England in the autumn of 1933—Count Stephen Bethlen, ex and very possibly future Prime Minister of Hungary, expresses doubt concerning his ability to interpret the Hungarian post-war problem for us. Count Bethlen's diffidence, though charming, is wholly unnecessary. His book, written in the scholarly and idiomatic English of which he is no less a master than the late Count Albert Apponyi, stands out as a piece of genuinely objective and clearly-reasoned writing from the "propagandist flood" to which Lord Newton refers in his brief but eminently helpful introduction.

The ostensible principle of the Peace Treaties of Paris was that of self-determination, and Count Bethlen, in this book, demonstrates beyond all possibility of dispute that in seeking at any rate a measure of revision of the Treaty of Trianon, Hungary is not chasing a phantom, since by that instrument no less than three and a half million pure-blooded Magyars were uprooted and placed under foreign rule. Of this number, two millions are living just outside the present frontiers of Hungary, and only the slightest of territorial adjustments by the Succession States would

be necessary to reincorporate the expatriates in post-war Hungary, thus greatly reducing if not entirely removing one of the least appreciated but most potential war dangers in Europe to-day; a vast and solid Magyar minority *bloc* whose inborn nationalism is kept vital by the shared bitterness of illogical exile. Regarding the remaining scattered million and a half, the simple and ethical expedient of belatedly resorting to the principle of self-determination is urged.

It can be argued that although the Hungarian minorities in the parts of Czechoslovakia, Roumania and Jugoslavia lying beyond those frontiers which might well prove susceptible to readjustment would be happy enough to see the principle of self-determination at last applied to them, their new rulers would dislike, intensively, such an application. The presumable attitude of these rulers is very understandable. But it is also indisputable that strong unrest exists, not only among the Magyar, but as well among the Croats scattered throughout the Small Entente States. Personal observation on the spot leads me to suggest that it is but a matter of time, assuming that readjustments are not speedily made, before some apparently trifling dissatisfaction (such as the frontier dispute between Hungary and Jugoslavia recently, fortunately ventilated at Geneva) causes an international situation akin to, if not more far-reaching in its effects than, Sarajevo.

In the book under review, Count Bethlen does not blink the difficulties inherent in the adoption, at this late hour, of that principle on which Trianon was supposed to be founded. But in his advocacy of the introduction of a system of federal government in, for example, Transylvania, " this sort of Eastern Switzerland," he has found what appears to be a workable solution to a problem the immediate international importance of which cannot but be brought home to all who read this much to be recommended book.

CHARLES CUNNINGHAM.

Napoleon, Headmaster.

LETTERS OF NAPOLEON. Selected, translated, and edited by J. M. THOMPSON. (Blackwell. 10s. 6d.)

THERE are, of course, far too many Lives of Napoleon, but this is a book to which no discriminating person will refuse a welcome—a judicious selection of nearly 300 out of the 40,000

available letters, despatches, proclamations, etc. Mr. Thompson is an Oxford tutor; he knows his business, and has read all the 40,000 himself, and his selection is by no means only, or even mainly, a " source book " for the schools. It is a selection designed to entertain the general reader by illustrating the bewildering variety of Napoleon's activities and the invariable certitude with which he handled them all. Of the 40,000 a large majority deal with military matters. Mr. Thompson has included very few of these in his 300, only enough to remind us that he was, in fact, constantly at war. The Napoleon of this book is the Mussolini-Napoleon, the enlightened despot who regarded his nation as only the most aggressive of headmasters ventures to regard his school, intent on organizing and directing every waking moment of his subjects' lives.

Impossible to review such a book adequately unless one were allowed several pages for quotations. On one page he is considering the ways and means of deposing a Pope and summoning a General Council; on the next he is organizing the sugar-beet industry; a few pages later he is considering whether the national habit of gambling should be canalized to subsidize the public hospitals! Perhaps the most abiding impression is Napoleon's interest in the organization of propaganda—of which the organizing of education was an important sub-department. " Of all the Fine Arts," he says, " music is that which most influences the passions, and that which, therefore, a legislator should do most to encourage." This in 1797 before he had any opportunity of legislating. Accordingly, in 1803, " I want you to get a song written, to go to the tune of the *Chant du départ*, for the invasion of England. While you are about it, have a number of songs written on the same subject, to go to different tunes. Plenty of topical plays. . . . Make a selection and have them produced at Paris—still better, at Boulogne, Bruges, and other places where the army is encamped." In 1806: " While the army does all it can for the glory of the nation, it must be admitted that our writers are doing their best to dishonour it. I was reading yesterday some shocking bad verses sung at the opera. . . . Express my displeasure . . . set about getting some decent stuff written. . . . People complain that we have no literature; it is the fault of the Home Minister." In 1810: " I should like a second historical ballet, but one more appropriate to modern conditions than ' The Rape of the Sabine Women.' "

Sculpture was also of use. Directions are given for the his-

torical bas reliefs on the Arc de Triomphe. "Generally speaking, no opportunity should be missed to humiliate the Russians and the English. William the Conqueror and Du Guesclin may be given places of honour on these monuments." Even sermons are worth attention; "Inform M. Robert, a priest of Bourges, of my displeasure at the extremely bad sermon he preached on August 15."

We have chosen to illustrate a single theme. Equally good material is ready to our hands had we given our space to Napoleon's dealings with his own family, with foreign potentates, with the female sex, or with Jews, Turks and Infidels. Mr. Thompson's editing is as adroit as his selection—a brief note at the conclusion of each letter telling the reader what he needs to know and not a word more.

D. C. SOMERVELL.

A New Short Story Writer

A YOUNG MAN IN A HURRY and Other Stories. By T. O. BEACHCROFT. (Boriswood. 7s. 6d.)

THIS is the author's first book, and the stories of which it is made up are not only, I suggest, enjoyable in themselves; they should fulfil one of the functions of a first book and lead readers who analyse their pleasures to wonder where Mr. Beachcroft is going. What makes the book something of a curiosity is that the answer cannot prove easy. On the surface the stories are all of a kind; all are told with an engaging simplicity and directness, and if some are rather slight the interest in all is admirably sustained. But beneath these uniform characteristics they will be found to display a range of quality of which the author himself seems unconscious.

Hitherto, as the dust-cover states, Mr. Beachcroft has appeared in the "London Mercury," the "Adelphi," "The Criterion," "The Bermondsey Book," and their like. In the light of some of these stories it would not surprise me to see him to-morrow in the "Strand" or the "Saturday Evening Post"—periodicals with, so we are assured, quite different standards. For instance, the theme of the story entitled "The Ringed Word" may be supplied by a passage from the "Nicomachean Ethics" of Aristotle; yet, apart from that detail, it might well have been accepted by Edgar Wallace as the work of a minor disciple. It

is a story of blackmail and murder, and it has a twist. Again, "The Eyes"—in which a doctor momentarily imagines he has caught his patient's fatal disease—and "Iodide in Hut C.4"—in which a man who reproaches others with being careless is himself absent-mindedly the source of a disaster and ironically is hailed later as the hero of the occasion—are both as exciting as one could wish. The trouble is that they have no significance.

Others of the stories, however, make the "Strand" or the "Saturday Evening Post" unthinkable. "She was Living with his People" and "A Wet Saturday Night" both come to grips with life or at least with what the author and his readers may suppose life to be. They are significant. Yet even among the stories here of this, as I believe, higher order, there is the real thing and there is the fake. In "A Glass of Stout" a bus-driver's wife out buying toys for her children at Christmas time has a couple of glasses of stout and then, meeting an old beau, throws the toys away and wants to follow him. That is, to my mind, an example of the fake. It would be idle to tell me that such an incident actually occurred. The story is undramatic and unconvincing. I prefer "The Eyes." But how Mrs. Plowman in "A Wet Saturday Night" comes home worn out after a hard day and wants only a cup of tea, and then has to fetch her daughter from the police station, is a poignant and successful tale.

It is a pity that another story about Mrs. Plowman, "Joey's Law Case," does not figure in the present collection. I deplore still more the absence of "The Stoker," which appeared in "The Bermondsey Book." The theme is an old one: the bully is really a weakling; but it is developed with subtlety and novelty; bully and victim have grown up, and if the bully is weak the victim never finds it out. "The Stoker" is, in my opinion, the best example of Mr. Beachcroft's peculiar and valuable talent. Fortunately, it is to be reprinted in "The Bermondsey Book's" forthcoming anthology.

Meanwhile, however, where is Mr. Beachcroft going?

MONTGOMERY BELGION.

Club Gossip

By Quid Nunc

SOLDIERS know, or should know, all the parts of their rifle and its names, gunners all the parts of a gun and its names. But how many sportsmen know all the parts of a sporting gun and its names? There are, I believe, thirty-nine technical names employed for the parts of a gun, which should be known by every competent sportsman. Every young sportsman should be able to take a gun to pieces and know all about its preservative treatment and its cleaning and how often a gun ought to be cleaned and what ought to be done when a gun is put by for the season and when it is taken out again for use. But sportsmen these days are not as conscientious as they used to be. They want all these essentials done for them. Servants and keepers can look after the guns. They will simply do the shooting.

* * *

SEPTEMBER and shooting reminds me that the first bayonets ever used were put on shot guns in 1671 by the French. The term "bayonet" derives its name from Bayonne, in the South of France where the instrument was first made. But of guns to-day few practical arts have made more rapid advancement than that of gun-making. Competition among gun makers is great and a good gun fetches a high price.

* * *

FIFTY, 60, even 70 guineas is no uncommon figure for a good London-made gun. On the Continent figures are higher. In old days when Napoleon was in his zenith, the gun manufactory at Versailles, which he established, made pistols which cost 10,000 livres or £400 each, and guns at 50,000 livres or £2,000 sterling.

Many expensive guns were given as presents to celebrities here and on the Continent. Messrs. Robert and John Wheeler, gun-makers of Birmingham, gave George IV a gun of the finest workmanship which cost 500 guineas; and about that time the Marquis of Rockingham gave Colonel Thornton a fowling piece which cost £400. But probably the sportsmen of the old country houses of Ireland in the latter days of the last and the early days of the present century had some of the best guns to be found anywhere. Alas many disappeared during "the troubles." The I.R.A. could put their hands on some very valuable guns and pistols.

* * *

IN a time of general holiday making when one is still working it is good to contemplate a holiday later on in the year. Many people instead of joining in with the multitudes wait till the late autumn and early winter. Let me commend them to take theirs in one of the Booth Line vessels which sail from Liverpool in October and December for a trip of over a thousand miles up the Great Amazon.

* * *

THE river has the most tremendous fascination. There is nothing to compare with it in scenery or surroundings; its flora and fauna the richest of all the tropical regions; its flora in particular defying description.

I have been up the Nile, the Hoang Ho, the Ganges and that great Arctic riv the Mackenzie. But the Amazon is The River of Mystery, unlike any oth river in the world, one of the greatest of the World's great Wonders. And is yours for the modest sum of £60 to £75, a trip of six weeks, an education a an experience of unrivalled value and interest.

* * *

SEEN from a deck-chair, whether by day or moonlight, as the vessel pass up the river, with its vast unexplored equatorial forests on either side, t Amazon will leave imperishable memories. The journey up the Narrows, f instance, with the forests but twenty to thirty yards away, past the native pil dwellers on the bank and to the accompaniment of the many denizens of th forest is an experience, as far as I know, unequalled because it is unique.

* * *

CRUISES can be rightly called the acme of perfection for holiday maker Who would not like to take a New Year's holiday next January in the C.P.R. luxury liner " the Empress of Britain," on a cruise round the world?

What an opportunity to see the world which a few years ago would not hav been possible. Education without travel is education incomplete to every one wh can afford to travel, and to emphasize this fact the world cruise is brought dow to a most reasonable figure. It will broaden the mind and enlarge the view-point as no academic training can do.

* * *

I CAME across a graphic example of this. A young man at Oxford had hi own views on a number of subjects and aired them accordingly. He was alway right and among his particular nostrums was a rather contemptuous view o foreigners. A cruise to other countries eradicated this failing in his judgment He returned with a very different idea of other nations and peoples. Up ti then he was more than less true to type, for his mother, a well-to-do woman had the same insular view. Possessing a six-figure fortune she never would leav the shores of England. France and the Continent generally were inhabited b savages, and yet she had learnt the classics at school and prided herself on he knowledge of Latin. She badly needed several cruises.

* * *

WE are now approaching the time when the horse will begin gradually to dis appear from military parades in favour of the internal combustion engine. The coming mechanizing and conversion of one infantry battalion out of every four into a machine gun unit is merely the herald for the conversion of more cavalry regiments into armoured car regiments. In ten years time cavalry infantry, artillery, engineers, signals and the ancillary services will all b mechanized. Military formations and establishments will all change and th old school of officer will have a new set of manners and a new outlook on life. The Army will gradually be officered by a number of specialists and the luxury days of soldiering will cease.

* * *

I HEAR that the coming sweep will probably be the last. The Dail will no meet again till November 14, by which time the fate of the Betting Bill in the House of Commons will be known. If it passes it will cut British subscriptions i half or more than half and that will be the virtual end of the Sweep. Then th Dail will not renew the licence for another four years of sweeps which is due to b renewed this year unless some genius there or here finds a satisfactory way o getting over the British opposition to prohibit the sale of tickets in Great Britain

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28th Year of Publication

Edited by DOUGLAS JERROLD

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Correspondence

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—Mr. A. G. Street has a pleasant and humorous manner of saying malicious things. He has been ridiculing the wheat quota on every opportunity, not only in THE REVIEW, but in other quarters. When he has done this in an audience that was aware of the fallacies underlying his attacks, his wit has saved him, not only from reprisals, but even from sober correction. For was it to be supposed that a writer and speaker of such charm and intelligence did not know that his observations were merely to be taken as something *pour rire?* But, as everybody has not the knowledge of agriculture combined with the sense of humour required to treat Mr. Street's *obiter dicta* in this spirit, it has become prosaically necessary to clear the wheat quota of the ridicule with which he has obscured it.

Mr. Street started his attacks by playful teasing at the Farmers Club, where he suggested that the quota was a trap to catch farmer "flats." The "cute" farmer, he hinted, was not to be snared, but was expecting the fall of the unwary, whereby he, the "fly" fellow, would be advantaged. This sort of innuendo merely tickles an audience that knows its subject, but, when translated into plain statement for the instruction of the non-technical reader, it is seriously misleading. For what it conveys is a picture of two farmers, *both similarly situated* as regards wheat cultivation and its alternatives, neither of whom could possibly get any real benefit out of the quota, but one of whom was to be bamboozled into taking a step which would damage himself and benefit the other. Putting it more tersely, the fooled would waste their time on wheat and leave to the wide-awakes the enjoyment of their profitable trade in, say, milk. Just here is where the subtlety of the misrepresentation comes in. For it is true that the one farmer finds no attraction in the quota, yet hopes others will; and so save him from increased competition in that which *does* attract him. But the others, as he well knows, are *not* similarly situated; there is, for them, a real, not a faked, attraction in the quota, whereas, for him, being differently circumstanced, the quota has no appeal.

Having got that clear, we can dispose of various points in Mr. Street's attack. He has made much of the small proportion which wheat bears to other agricultural production. That would be sound criticism if the intention had been to stop all assistance to wheat growers. But to *begin* with that assistance was quite good policy; firstly, just because wheat was relatively a small product; secondly, because it was nevertheless the hub of a type of farming; thirdly, because it could be easily dealt with; fourthly, because it had been longest agitated. To urge these considerations is not to exclude, but to presuppose, the passing on afterwards to assistance of a larger and more difficult character.

So much for point one. Now as to point two—Mr. Street's trump card. Was it not folly, he asked, to encourage wheat growing in England when it could be grown much better and much cheaper elsewhere, and when there were other things to be encouraged which were grown better here than they were in other countries? He took care not to complete this parallel by adding, as would have been untrue but was logically necessary, that these other things could also be grown *cheaper* here. But by omitting that leg to the structure, his argument is badly balanced. For it is the fact, if we take cheapness as the criterion of what we shall or shall not

[*continued on page* 388

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Correspondence—*continued.*

grow, that we ought to discountenance assistance to the milk, butter, or bacon producer, because these things also can be produced cheaper in other European countries, and similarly to beef and mutton producers because these commodities can be grown cheaper in the Argentine and New Zealand. Even on the sole leg on which Mr. Street chooses to prop his argument, it is tottering, because Danish bacon, Argentine beef and New Zealand mutton are all *better* than much of their respective counter-products grown at home.

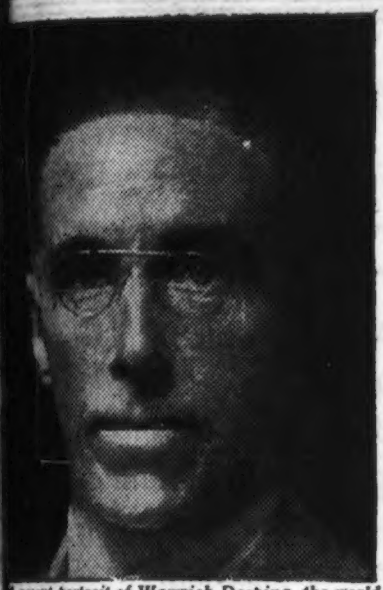
So, neither cheapness nor quality in our produce will justify subsidies to our agriculture. But how shall cheapness be measured in a world in which production is already maintained on subsidies? And why should Englishmen alone refuse to be content with the quality of the produce of their own country? It is the encouraging of this suicidal notion that is leading to decay. Have we not yet realized that circumstances will no longer let us neglect the cultivation of our own soil and refuse to be satisfied with the best which it can produce; that we must not expect to go on being fed with the tit-bits of God's earth, leaving poor foreign creatures to eat up what does not tickle our palates and to be paid for their toil by the goods which best repay our capitalists? As we have for years professed to know the wisdom of cutting our coat according to our cloth, shall we not in practice begin to cut our steak according to our steer? Observation teaches us that no nation will eat rye bread if it can afford wheaten, but that prosperous people must and do live on the former. Let us rejoice and be glad that our soil and climate enable us to grow all that a reasonable man can desire, and let us see that the very best possible use shall be made of both, trusting that all else afterwards will fall into its proper place, but rigidly refusing to despise our own produce because it does not conform to the standard of other climes.

Even in our own little island Mr. Street has almost caused internecine warfare by cleverly giving Scottish farmers, not being primarily wheat-producers, matter for a national grievance. Now, being solaced with assistance on oats, they perceive that he was just a little premature. Beef producers are also probably correcting any similar over-eagerness. As for the wheat-growers, who have been "fooled" into working on the quota basis, scores of them owe their salvation to that remedy. This wheat quota was designed to help and has succeeded in helping just those who depended on wheat-growing for that planning which is the most rational in their own circumstances. Others, who may be attracted by it, will be automatically weeded out, if they become a serious factor; that is one of the merits of the Scheme. So clearly is all this beginning to be recognized that Mr. Street, like many other writers, must be wishing he could recall his early essays.

Gunnislake, Cornwall.

Yours, &c.,

J. H. Heap.



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